

# THE LIVING AGE.

EIGHTH SERIES }  
VOL. IX

No. 3841 February 16, 1918

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VOL. CXXCVI

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
THE LIVING AGE COMPANY  
6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

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## A CHANT OF EMPIRE.

*Home-Dwellers.*

Gray Mother of mighty nations,  
 Co-heir with the traveled sun  
 Whose life is the life of many,  
 Yet wells from the heart of one,  
 Give ear to thy children's voices  
 Now borne to thee swift and strong,  
 As the note of their exultation  
 Upsoars on the wings of song!

O spell of the breath of Music  
 In souls that have ears to hear,  
 That breaketh all bars asunder  
 And bringeth the distant near!  
 For lo! at her wand's uplifting  
 The North and the South are  
 spanned,  
 And East is with West united,  
 And all with the Motherland!

*Empire-Builders.*

Ah! that is the word  
 We fain had heard  
 When the wilderness hemmed us in,  
 As we felled the forest or tilled the fen,  
 And far from the holy haunts of men  
 Longed sore for the day to be once  
 again  
 Made one with our kith and kin.  
 O heart, now listen!  
 O lips, be dumb!  
 The day was coming,  
 The day has come!

*Home-Dwellers.*

And ye that marvel whereof we sing,  
 Look up and behold a wondrous thing,  
 How folk upon folk adult and free,  
 Builders of Britain beyond the sea,  
 Whose valor and worth  
 Enzone the earth,  
 Yet babe-like yearn to their Mother's  
 knee,  
 With home-felt rapture renown her  
 reign,  
 And thrill to the tones of her triumph-  
 strain.

*All Voices United.*

Hail fair and majestic Empire,  
 From ages beyond our ken

The hope and the home of Freedom,  
 The love and the fear of men!  
 For one with the seas thy splendor,  
 And one with the winds thy way,  
 And the web of thine endless story  
 Is woven by night and day  
 Of Ocean's infinite travail,  
 Criss-crossed with the to and fro  
 Of a thousand keels returning,  
 A thousand that outward go;  
 For a might that is elemental  
 Hath builded thee there sublime,  
 And he that would break thy bulwarks  
 Must carry the walls of Time.

*James Rhoades.*

The Fortnightly Review.

## GIFTS OF THE DEAD.

Ye who in Sorrow's tents abide,  
 Mourning your dead with hidden  
 tears,  
 Bethink ye what a wealth of pride  
 They've won you for the coming  
 years.

Grievous the pain; but, in the day  
 When all the cost is counted o'er,  
 Would it be best that ye should say:  
 "We lost no loved ones in the war"?

Who knows? But proud then shall ye  
 stand  
 That best, most honored boast to  
 make:  
 "My lover died for his dear land,"  
 Or, "My son fell for England's sake."

Christlike they died that we might live;  
 And our redeemed lives would we  
 bring,  
 With aught that gratitude may give  
 To serve you in your sorrowing.

And never a pathway shall ye tread,  
 No foot of seashore, hill, or lea,  
 But ye may think: "The dead, my  
 dead,

Gave this, a sacred gift, to me."

*Habberton Lulham.*

The Spectator.

## THE ORGANIZATION OF VICTORY.

"I am not yet so lost in lexicography as to forget that words are the daughters of earth, and that things are the sons of Heaven."—Dr. Johnson.

At the beginning of a New Year, which contains a very faint promise of bringing the end of the war in sight—after the failure of all previous prophets it would need an exceptionally rash man to speak more confidently—the one and only question that presses upon all of us at the back is: Are we doing our very best to win at the earliest possible moment? Are we, at any rate, deserving victory this year, even if we cannot command it? If we confine this question to the back it is because it were idle and insulting to address it to the front. We can only express our gratitude for what the fighting men everywhere have done and are doing at sea, on land, and in the air. The more we are allowed to know of their achievements, which are doled out to us in dribbles by a parsimonious Government, the more we admire, the more we appreciate, the more we recognize that all hitherto accepted standards have been eclipsed by what has been done and endured.

The British Navy, that great unseen power, still dominates the situation. As so often before, it has literally saved the life of Europe as well as the liberties of England, which must otherwise have been involved in one common catastrophe. May it continue to fulfil its appointed rôle, which involves keeping a resolutely deaf ear turned towards our ubiquitous amateur strategists as well as the tacticians of Fleet Street, who in their glorious irresponsibility and magnificent ignorance of everything connected with the sea intimate that if only they had been in the place of Admiral Jellicoe or Admiral Beatty they would long since have steered the Grand Fleet triumphantly up the Spree and blown the Metropolis of Kultur to smithereens.

It may be so, or it may not. Being anything but an amateur strategist, the writer cannot say. But there is little in the record of present "crabbers" of the higher command of the Navy, or even those of the Admiralty (which is admittedly fairer game, being under immediate civilian control and able to defend itself in Parliament or in the Press), to justify one in going "nap" on their judgment. Among the most ardent of its assailants one cannot help observing journalists, politicians, and professional intriguers who before the war were conspicuous for their determined hostility to almost any expansion of the British Navy, which was contemptuously dismissed with the Army as a monstrous manifestation of "bloated armaments," if not the direct influence of the "Hidden Hand" of the "Armament Ring," bolstered up by "scaremongers" who had "Germany on the brain" and were engaged "in the wicked work of stirring up ill-feeling against a great kindred Christian community which only loved us less than we loved ourselves, governed as it was by an enlightened monarch—a beloved and dutiful grandson of Queen Victoria—who missed no opportunity of exhibiting his good will and even affection for England." This same school were equally ready to find excuses for any additions to the German navy. One always suspected that our Little-Navyites of peace-time, not a few of whom were Anti-Navyites, would develop into panic-mongers in war and round upon the Fleet they had starved should any minor mishaps occur.

The very Press that had fought against our having a serious Fleet would be furious in the event of its evincing any limitations. Therefore

when the *Daily News*—possibly with an ulterior object—seeks to terrify all teetotalers because a small convoy has come to grief in the North Sea, it is only acting as was anticipated. As has been pointed out by sober commentators, successful attacks upon convoys were, so to speak, “common form” throughout the Napoleonic war, even after Trafalgar was supposed to have given us “complete command of the sea.” Modern conditions infinitely facilitate this warfare against an incalculably larger target, as the raiders, whether fast cruisers or yet faster destroyers, nowadays receive information of the movements of British ships by wireless and come up at their selected moment to the appointed place at the pace of an express train. The Grand Fleet with all its accessories is none too large for its perpetually expanding task—above water and under water. Nevertheless it has succeeded in establishing practical immunity over the North Sea as regards above-water attack, as the result of efforts of which we hear and know nothing—our sailors work in the dark. But we landsmen who live at home at ease, thanks to them, owe it to our own self-respect (to say nothing of our debt to the many thousands of men, nearly all of the younger generation, who keep their pitiless vigil throughout the fogs of November and the storms of December) to avoid making fools of ourselves by such observations as have lately appeared in print. There should be enough imagination in Fleet Street, which prides itself on omniscience, to realize what it means that between April and the end of October 4500 merchantmen were escorted between Great Britain and Norway without the loss of a single ship from surface attack until the raid of October 16. Think of the watchfulness under impossible conditions which such a task involves and of the efficiency with

which it was executed. Germany is abundantly provided with fast destroyers concentrated at convenient bases—as the sea at large is denied to them—and it is not wonderful that occasionally they should elude our patrols and do some damage. That they have done so little so far above water is sufficient tribute to our watchdogs and to the measures taken to support them, as, though armed trawlers are useful against submarines, they are helpless against heavily armed craft, whether destroyers or cruisers, which also have the pull in speed. They may always be relied upon to make a brave, if hopeless, fight, handicapped as they are by defenseless merchant ships, and over and over again the escort has sacrificed itself to save the neutrals under its protection. They should of course always be supported by more powerful vessels on the spot at the decisive moment, as they would be were our numbers unlimited and everybody concerned a demi-god instead of being a splendidly devoted, capable, resourceful, and self-sacrificing man trying to make bricks often without straw. The truth is available, nevertheless the *Daily News* and its evening echo publish silly and spiteful articles calculated, if not designed, to lower the national *moral* and to promote the “defeatist” movement now associated with the name of Lansdowne.

Sir Eric Geddes (First Lord of the Admiralty), whose practical sagacity inspires increasing confidence and who has no interest whatsoever in minimizing any blunders that may be committed at sea or in protecting incompetence anywhere, as he stands outside all naval coteries, gave the House of Commons some weeks ago (November 1) this lucid explanation of the October raid:

Dealing first with how the convoy was attacked without the enemy raiders being intercepted, I would ask the



House to recollect a few facts—that the area of the North Sea is 140,000 square nautical miles; that we have a coast here subject to attack by raiders of 566 nautical miles in length, from Cape Wrath to Dover; and that the area of vision for a light cruiser squadron, with its attendant destroyers at night, is well under five-square miles. Five square miles is 140,000! It is not desirable that I should state how many of the light cruiser squadrons which we possess could possibly have been in the North Sea at the time; but, at any rate, hon. members will see that, with these areas, it is practically impossible with the light forces at the disposal of the Navy—even if they were all devoted to this purpose—entirely to prevent sporadic raids of this kind either upon our coasts or upon an isolated convoy like this. The watching Fleet must invariably be at an enormous disadvantage as regards the disposal of its forces compared to the fleet which lies behind land defenses and plays a game of “tip and run.”

It is a matter of such common knowledge that it should be known even to professional “crabbers” that we have never had anything approaching a sufficiency of lighter craft to carry out the countless duties falling upon our Fleets at the present time, such as imprisoning the enemy’s High Sea Fleet, bottling German commerce, guarding our own shipping against attack, and fighting the submarine all over the world. Admiral Jellicoe recently reminded us of the comparative strength of the British and German Navies on the outbreak of war, their disparity being nothing like as great as was popularly supposed, while in some classes we were at a positive disadvantage, e. g., long-range submarines. We had about the same number of destroyers and approximate equality in light cruisers, though we had a substantial superiority in capital ships. But even the *Daily News* ought to know that neither battleships nor

battle-cruisers, or indeed big cruisers of any kind, can be employed on convoy work, affording as they do such easy targets for submarines. As Mr. Archibald Hurd has frequently reminded his confrères, some of whom, however, evidently do not wish to know:

The truth is that the Navy has not and never has had sufficient force; and probably no senior officer at sea has sufficient small craft, whether he be engaged in guarding the lines of communication of the armies serving in Europe, Asia, or Africa, or protecting the vast volume of merchant shipping drawing in towards or going out from those islands across the Atlantic, or shielding our shores against tip-and-run excursions, or ensuring freedom of communication in the North Sea. The First Lord of the Admiralty mentioned this weakness in a recent speech, and it is a commonplace in the Service.

Nor has the position been improved by the elimination of the Russian fleet, which has set free a considerable number of enemy destroyers for use in the North Sea.

The Navy, and particularly that portion of the officers and men who serve in small craft, has been overworked ever since war was declared, because the country’s naval forces have never been adequate for ensuring adequate rest for those who are bearing the main burden.

As Mr. Hurd points out, for this very same reason the naval authorities of a hundred years ago found themselves compelled to abandon the convoy system. Although there were no destroyers, no submarines, nor mines, the Navy of those days could not undertake this responsibility, but today there has never been any whisper from any responsible quarter in the Fleet that the present system of convoys, which has been remarkably successful, should be abandoned. The manner in which the Navy, despite its heavy

handicaps, has protected the commerce of the country borne above water is illustrated by the fact that since the convoy system was instituted down to December 1 last only  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent of the convoyed inward cargoes have been lost. Surely this is conclusive evidence of extraordinary efficiency? However, that ex-apostle of Little-Navyism, the *Daily News*, permits itself to print this poison (December 18) in an article entitled "Again!"—provoked by a regrettable minor incident upon which the Admiralty instantly ordered an inquiry:

It [the public] has come to distrust profoundly the efficiency of the services as judges in affairs concerning themselves, and it will await the result in the present case with every desire to be just, but also with the determination to have justice done, in the interests not only of the service and of the nation, but of the neutral nation which has suffered so terrible a blow in serving our cause.

But while reserving comment on this grave subject, we are bound to ask once more the question we have asked for two years and a half: whether the highest capacity at our command is being utilized in regard to the Admiralty.

This is interspersed with lip-service expressing

unabated confidence in the Navy. Its heroism has been unchallenged and its achievements have been the supreme asset of the Allies.

Nevertheless,

The disquiet that has prevailed has been due to many causes, and the occurrence of two incidents like that reported yesterday is calculated to convert disquiet into positive anxiety. The matter is the more serious because there is danger that the concern may affect the spirit of the Navy itself.

How, if the command of the Navy had been inept, its "achievements"

could have been "the supreme asset of the Allies" the *Daily News* is alone competent to determine.

As regards their rôle in the war, we only ask its officers and men, who, being human, must occasionally grow somewhat restive under these constant pinpricks, as to where we should be today or any of our Allies but for British sea-power? Some of our know-alls ordered the Grand Fleet to the Baltic as a moral support to Kerensky—who himself had no solid standing-ground in Russia—or it may be Lenin. Others demand that it should, "regardless of cost," attack German submarine bases! Such suggestions strike everyone who is not an amateur strategist as doubtful operations, because even if they attained complete success the objective would scarcely correspond with the effort, while the risk would be inordinate. They are not even "legitimate gambles." It is said that the Navy might have done more. The same might be said of everybody at all times—perfection is neither attained nor attainable. Conceivably we might have done more, but had our ambitious amateur strategists controlled the Grand Fleet to the extent they controlled the expeditions to Antwerp and the Dardanelles we should assuredly have lost the war. Hindenburg would be now sitting in Paris and Calais. Wilhelm II would in all probability be installed in Buckingham Palace. On the whole, we prefer to leave "the sea affair" in the hands of the sailors under the competent superintendence of the First Lord, representing the nation and accountable to Parliament. It is a system that should work fairly well provided the right men are in the right places, which in war is all that matters. It is, anyhow, all the public can ask and all that the public can do.

According to some, the Admiralty, like most public departments, contains

excessive red tape and sealing-wax and is generally a great Time-Wasting Machine. It is alleged that in organization for war it is now decidedly behind the once despised War Office, which for the last two years has enjoyed the advantage of a serious General Staff with proper functions and adequate power to place its views directly before the War Cabinet, with whom ultimate responsibility rests. The Admiralty may still lag behind as regards operations, but in that case we look to Sir Eric Geddes to continue the good work which Sir Edward Carson is acknowledged to have done in overcoming obstruction to needed reforms. It is for that express purpose Sir Eric is there, and as he is not a Mandarin he should be able to see what is required and get it done. If for any reason any retirements are advisable among the older men on account of bad health or failing powers or cooling feet, or because they are square men in round holes, we look to the First Lord to do his duty regardless of everything except the public interest, which should alone count in war. It is averred by the Navy's best friends that seniority remains something of a fetish, and consequently a danger.

Under our Constitution the first duty of the Government is to place the very best men in charge of the war at sea with full responsibility and plenary powers; their second duty is to support them, which, however, involves having a proper War Staff at the Admiralty to work out plans in conjunction with those afloat who will execute them. If the Government fails in any of these respects, or if it attempts to direct the Fleet by wireless—as was done at an earlier stage of the war, with disastrous results—it merely proves what would excite little surprise—namely, that our rulers do not understand war and are unfit to man-

age it. There is probably, however, some modesty in the attitude of the War Cabinet towards the Fleet. Politicians rarely underrate their abilities, but even the most self-sufficient hesitates to regard himself as a Nelson—though there have been such. For one thing, the Navy is out of sight of Downing Street, and joy rides in the North Sea have never possessed the same irresistible attraction as on the Yser, the Ancre, or the Somme. Therefore sailors have more chance than soldiers of escaping direct interference in their operations, and as our naval personnel is splendid—when not crushed by "seniority"—assuming that plans have their proper place they should have a fair chance of doing their business in their own way at their own time. If they united upon strategy, and admirals realize the moral strength of their position, they should be unchallenged masters in their own house during the war, however powerless they may have felt themselves against the politicians in peace-time. The British Navy can organize its own victory, but no one else can, and no useful purpose is served by the yappings of "rattled" newspaper men who hardly know the difference between a battleship and a destroyer.

The Army fares worse than the Navy because every platform politician is apt to regard himself as a potential Napoleon. When he attains authority he is continually tempted to extend the ultimate responsibility for the campaign which inheres in His Majesty's Ministers under our Constitution into direct, and almost invariably fatal, interference with the operations in the field. It is as well to understand his point of view, as otherwise many incidents in this war, as in every other war, remain unaccountable to the Man in the Street, who comfortably assumes that the Man in the Cabinet "plays the

game," confining his activities to things he may be supposed to understand and leaving alone those of which he is innocent. Your average Cabinet Minister is usually an eloquent man, owing his position to that gift, and therefore not unnaturally rating everybody else by their powers of expression. Tried by this test, any soldier who cannot at score "perorate" on his plans in Council or amplify them under professional cross-examination, is heavily discouraged by "responsible statesmen," who rate him as an altogether lower order of being to themselves.

If the soldier wisely spurns controversy—which has never been his *métier*—with his dialectical superiors of the Government, though possibly his inferiors in every other respect—he is marked down for destruction by one or other of the Secretariats which have blossomed into existence under the new dispensation and exercise unwholesome, because irresponsible, power behind the scenes. He will be incontinently sniped in the "inspired" Press, which takes its cue from the Hub of the Universe, which is understood to be located not many hundred miles from Downing Street. If anything goes wrong abroad, even in an Allied army over which we have no control and in whose strategy we may have had no say, our General Staff is held up to unmerited obloquy in the eyes of the world, which is invited to believe that everything would be "very otherwise" but for its Chief's "lack of imagination" and blind rejection of the ingenious and prescient projects of "sympathetic statesmen," who, not being bound in their strategic exercises by time, space, geography, or anything else that hampers more commonplace students of war, have little difficulty in discovering half a dozen different ways of defeating any one of our enemies and winning the war before a

"stupid soldier" can turn round. Our orators are aware of several alternative routes to Berlin, any of which is superior to the Western Front, where we are "knocking our heads against our strongest enemy at his strongest point." Had we only listened to them, we should long since have trampled on the prostrate forms of Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey. The governing idea in these latter-day Napoleons is to overcome Prussian militarism by refusing to fight it, the assumption being that although the Central Empires, or rather the Central Empire (because there is only one that counts), enjoy, as their name betokens, the advantage of holding interior lines, Germany would remain quiescent while we laboriously transferred our armies over land and sea from the West to more distant theatres where we could conquer Germany's vassals. Why Hindenburg and Ludendorff, who know something of war—if not everything—should consent to play our game and allow us to knock out their Allies when it is infinitely easier to move two German Divisions to almost any threatened spot on what Mr. Lloyd George calls "the circumference" than it is to move one British Division, remains so far unexplained. Orators opine that if we say to the Germans, "You keep your main armies in France and Flanders while we send ours to Trieste, Sofia, Vienna, Constantinople," they will be only too anxious to oblige. It is stupefying that after three and a half years of the sternest of taskmasters our rulers should still hanker after "Little Packets" and imagine, in the first place, that we should be allowed at our own sweet will to concentrate upon and overpower any vassal that Germany deemed worth preserving; and, secondly, if by any miracle we brought off our *coup*, we should have gained our objective, which, as they are never

tired of telling us, is the destruction of Prussian militarism. Those in whose eyes nothing matters so long as their views prevail in Balkan politics regard the elimination of Turkey as such a blow as would compel Germany to "throw up the sponge," though they never condescend to details and it is not easy to follow the argument. One may even go so far as to say that if the defeat and downfall of Turkey involved a sufficient drain upon Allied military strength, which is anything but excessive, so far from being a death-blow to Germany, it would be a positive advantage, because her own unbeaten military power would then be actually stronger by the amount of the Allied sacrifice. To exhaust twenty German Divisions at Cambrai surely brings us nearer our declared objective than to knock out half a dozen Turkish Divisions in Palestine or Mesopotamia? The suggestion that the German Empire lives upon Turkey and that to cut the connection between the two would be the end of Germany can only be described as moonshine—though for the positive constructive policy expounded by M. André Chéradame in a preceding article, there is a great deal to be said, even though one may differ from so eminent an authority on the strategic problem.

Let us be grateful to our soldiers for seeing the military situation steadily and seeing it whole, distinguishing between the essential and the non-essential—the primary theatres, where decisive force can be applied at decisive points, and the secondary theatres, where brilliant and spectacular successes may be achieved with interesting and far-reaching political effects, but which from the military point of view remain *succès d'estime*. Our "stupid soldiery" seem all through to have had a far truer conception of the war than our very clever statesmen, some of whom seem to think that the

proclamation of "war aims" is the main thing. The same politicians almost put us *hors de combat* before the war by insisting that Germany need not be regarded as an enemy with whom we should ever be at grips on land, and that British military requirements were limited to half a dozen Divisions equipped for distant overseas operations against such foes as the Senussi, the Afridi, or other colored men. The German army was not a factor of which any sane Government need take account, while the Army was not allowed to have a General Staff. Happily, there were in the War Office a few "cranks" taking a different view, of whom the most active, the most devoted, and the most determined was General Henry Wilson, who as Director of Military Operations at this fateful period was chiefly responsible, with Sir Douglas Haig, who though no politician realized many things ignored by politicians, for our possessing an Expeditionary Force ready to move abroad the moment France was threatened. It was also mainly due to General Wilson that there was some liaison with the French Headquarters Staff, the rest being done by such admirable soldiers as General French, including General Smith-Dorrien, General Robertson, and many others, who devoted themselves since the South African War to making the handful of troops, which was all that were allowed them by Lord Haldane and Co., as good as troops could be—hence the famous Seven Divisions for which civilians have had the impudence to claim credit.

In the face of their record in peacetime we might have expected some reserve from the politicians in war. None was forthcoming. They all started in the dark and most of them have remained in the dark ever since, which would matter less if they only recognized that just as law is the



business of lawyers, so is war the business of soldiers. They keenly resent every serious military proposition and retain their profound contempt for "experts," from which one might conceive that on many occasions on which they have differed the "experts" were wrong, they right, which is no more the case today than at any previous period. Some soldiers have been wrong on some points, but the politicians have always been wrong on all points.

Nineteen hundred and seventeen has been a great year for the British Army—possibly the greatest of its history, though there is every reason to hope and believe that still greater periods are to come. What we have achieved is, however, sufficiently remarkable, reflecting as it does the utmost credit on the Imperial General Staff, upon whom has devolved the responsibility for the plans of campaign in several widely separated fields, as well as upon the various Commanders-in-Chief, pre-eminently Sir Douglas Haig, whose tremendous task has been rendered yet vaster by the hopeless collapse of Russia this summer and the disaster to Italy this autumn. This is no moment for national self-glorification, as we are in the stress of the war and critical times lie ahead, but Englishmen may point with pardonable pride to the fact that besides bearing the main burden at sea and one out of all proportion to any effort of any ally—as well as the chief financial burden, we have played the largest part on land in 1917—an infinitely greater part than was ever foreseen before the war even by the wildest of military megalomaniacs, had we bred such persons in this country. We can never be unmindful of Lord Kitchener, who was the first Minister to realize the probabilities of continental warfare. His extraordinary *flair* enabled him to think in millions of men, while others—including, so far as we know,

all the most prominent British soldiers—were only thinking in tens of thousands. Had Lord Haldane remained at the War Office after August 5, 1914, as he hoped and as his Liberal-Imperialist friends intended, there might have been a slight increase of our Regular Army, but our main military effort would have consisted of a Territorial force based on Territorial principles and Territorial training, amounting all told to 500,000 men, as our maximum contribution to the Allies—with no serious reserves. Moreover, Lord Haldane would have kept the British Expeditionary Force at home while the Territorials were being got ready to deal with a situation that, humanly speaking, could never have been retrieved. It must also be admitted that any other man who might have become War Minister in those days, with the solitary exception of Lord Kitchener—who chanced to be at home—would have made the fatal mistake of improvising a small Army for a short war on the plausible ground that a long war at the pace the Germans had set was impossible. This, be it remembered, was not only the opinion of every British expert of eminence, but of all French experts, while our politicians could only regard Lord Kitchener as "mad," though he was too formidable to be resisted when he made large demands. His colleagues' chief contribution was to impress upon him that Compulsion was "impossible," as it would produce "a revolution." It is even alleged that so late as 1915 Sir John French opposed compulsion.

The French War Office believed that all would be over in a few months, while with some military bureaucrats in Paris it was an *idée fixe* in August, 1914, that Germany would crumple up in a few weeks, on the first disaster to her war machine. If France was discounted and despised in Berlin as a

"decadent nation"—while Britain as a military factor was ignored—the French General Staff no less underrated the *moral* of the German army and the staying power of the German nation, who on accepted theories should have treated the Battle of the Marne as an adverse decision. It is an open secret that Lord Kitchener's "eccentric" anticipation of a three-years' war was even more keenly resented in Paris than in London. It made him anything but *persona grata* across the Channel in early days, where all his talk of "new armies," which *ex hypothesi* could not materialize in time for this war, though "these phantom forces might conceivably figure in the phantom campaigns of a phantom future," was a subject of grim merriment in circles which today are the first to salute his foresight. He was wonderfully right and everyone who differed from him was wonderfully wrong. Although he had passed his working life out of Europe and was voted an *ignoramus* upon European affairs, he had that mysterious, unanalyzable gift which we call genius without knowing what it is, that enables some men to grasp the heart and essence of a subject or a situation without having made a special study of it or possessing what commonly passes for knowledge. Lord Kitchener knew something of France, a nation he greatly admired, while he loved Italy, but in the ordinary sense he "knew" little or nothing of Germany. He had none of Lord Haldane's pretensions, he had neither been educated at the University of Göttingen nor had translated Schopenhauer, nor made pious pilgrimages to Potsdam, nor toadied the Kaiser anywhere. But he had a shrewd instinct that so thorough, methodical, highly-organized, patriotic, and disciplined a people as the Germans would not light-heartedly go to war without counting all the costs, nor would easily relinquish the

"frightful adventure" because everything had not gone precisely as they had anticipated, which was the accepted foreign interpretation of German psychology. Lord Kitchener also realized what some others strangely missed—namely, that as the Hohenzollern Dynasty could not survive defeat, and therefore could not contemplate it, as the war developed in our favor we should find ourselves confronted by a clique of desperadoes, whose skins were involved, controlling the most formidable military machine ever fashioned for conquest.

Lord Kitchener laid his plans accordingly, and in a year and a half—a month after the tragedy of his death—we saw the results when the new armies, under that great organizer and capable leader Sir Douglas Haig, opened the big offensive on the Somme which finally shattered the German General Staff's hope of attaining any of its major objectives. Since the attack upon Verdun, which petered out on the Somme, there has been no serious German offensive either upon Russia, France, or Great Britain—the disaster on the Isonzo, as we now know, being something of a political accident. Since the summer of 1916 the British Army has exercised decisive influence on the Continent by preventing the enemy from securing a decision otherwise inevitable.

We stand too near these great events to see them, but the future historian will look back upon the terrible fighting of these two years as by far the greatest of British achievements on land, in that they effectually saved Europe from Pan-German domination, which with the exit of Russia and the Italian disaster was, humanly speaking, certain but for the unique wisdom of Lord Kitchener in appreciating the size of the war, and Britain's consequent rôle, and the splendid tenacity of Sir William Robertson, as Chief of

the Imperial General Staff, in resisting the constant conspiracy—this is not too strong a term—to whittle away troops from the decisive point. Although the nation has been treated like children and not allowed to know what was going on, we know enough to realize that our new armies have been handled in the field in a masterly manner by the Commander-in-Chief and his capable lieutenants, as otherwise the Mailed Fist, controlling an immense preponderance of military power since the defection of "the steam-roller," would now be triumphant.

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phant and the New World would have come in "too late" either to redress the balance of the Old or to save itself from the same fate.

Some of us remain more than ever convinced that the sailors and soldiers can win the war if the politicians will stand aside and give them a fair chance. It is a large "if," but it is the duty of the back to see that the condition precedent of victory and permanent peace is observed. The talking men can only hope to save their necks by supporting and not by thwarting the fighting men.

*L. J. Marx.*

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## THE RADICAL OUTLOOK.

War is not conducted according to the rules of liberty, although war has become the only means by which liberty can be preserved. In the rush and turmoil and organization of war personal liberty has to give way to the necessities of the combined, uncompromising effort of the State. We have sacrificed personal freedom, reluctantly, bit by bit for the time being, because we have felt that only by this temporary sacrifice can we protect or redeem what is lasting and precious. Yet Liberalism is not submerged in this torrent of force; rather let us remember that it was the innate Liberalism of Britain which impelled her to rush to the aid of the weak in 1914. Organized force had swept aside all international law and public right and honor. Freedom and force cannot dwell together on the same continent, and it was because we are determined to secure freedom by resisting force that Englishmen of every school and of every class, and now of every continent, present a united front to the Prussian rulers of Germany. No one need be surprised if Liberals refuse to subscribe to war aims which go

beyond those declared by us in 1914; but, with few exceptions, they are as firmly determined as ever they were to secure for Belgium and Northern France the restitution and reparation which we have demanded from the first, and guarantees for security and peace in the future. On war policy and the conservation or distribution of our strength, and on the concentration or dissipation of our forces, there has been, on the whole, a distinct Liberal view, but I do not propose to discuss this now; nor need I emphasize the difference between those who, on the one hand, imagine that we can, and should, go on fighting for unconditional surrender and those who, on the other, are prepared to cease fighting when our aims have been attained. I would rather direct attention to the duties of the future. In peace or war Liberals or Radicals can justify their claim to a foremost place on the roll of reformers only so long as they contribute ceaselessly, by their sagacity and perseverance, to the good of all.

The three great freedoms—freedom of person, freedom of opinion and its

expression in speech, and freedom of trade—have been suspended during the war, and each of these must be regained when the war is over. Without these no progress can be made in thought or action or government. The democracy, almost forgetting their debt to our predecessors who secured these rights for themselves and succeeding generations, are now beginning to realize that freedom is the foundation of all progress. With all their faults, they won this much for us, and the Liberals of today will have to regain what has been lost during the war. No democrat can hear of the seventy-three individuals who are in prison on the fiat of the Executive without trial, and in many cases without accusation, and not realize how far we have departed from the days of personal liberty. The decision of the House of Lords in the Habeas Corpus case came as a shock to everyone who understood what it meant. The power of government departments to intern in wartime is one of many regrettable necessities; but the power to continue internment without recourse to the courts has carried them far beyond the limits of the despotic power essential for national safety. All war is a negation of law, but in the case of the use of property the supersession of the courts is not yet complete, as Mr. Holt proved in his famous shipping case; nor has even military law handed over individuals to the untrammelled power of the officer or the official without recourse to inquiry or court-martial. The Home Secretary seems to have outstripped the controllers and the colonels when personal liberty depends on his sole, unlimited discretion. His regulations under the Defense of the Realm Acts must be swept away immediately peace is attained, and no excuse or justification can be tolerated for carrying them

forward a single week into the period of peace.

Freedom of opinion and freedom of speech are reduced to a minimum, except in Parliament, and even the House of Commons has tended to be pusillanimous. It is true that in Germany men are not allowed to organize and address peace meetings with impunity, but Heaven forbid that we should adopt the German standards. Nothing has been lost in allowing the pacifists to state their views. No one can tell exactly how far they have succeeded in adding to their numbers during the past three years, but I can find little evidence of their having done more than consolidate their own party without a material increase in numbers. Freedom of discussion is the only security against underground movement, and every effort to suppress discussion and exchange of opinion has, so far, done more harm than good. The organized spread of sedition must, of course, be checked, but the Liberal view is that the courts, and not the Executive, should decide what is, and what is not, sedition. The use made of the postal censor in the last twelve months led to lamentable reaction during the great Engineers' Strike. This summer it was said that the correspondence of trades unions officials was tampered with, and certainly their telegrams were intercepted, with the result that the engineers, being virile and intelligent, organized a motor-cycle service for themselves between lodge and lodge, town and town. Interference and supervision have been carried too far; they must be swept aside immediately the war is over, and individuals, pamphleteers, newspapers, even agitators, Syndicalists, Socialists, and Radicals must be left free to submit their doctrines, for whatever they may be worth, to the judgment of their

fellowmen. Opinions however unpopular, policies however ridiculous or profound, all alike should be given the free run of the market-place, the platform, and the Press.

Freedom of trade has a new meaning to industrial and commercial men nowadays. What with the War Trade Department and licenses for export and import, merchants, purchasers, and vendors realize at last how great were the blessings of freedom in the past. Showers of controllers have descended on our industries, and rules and regulations and permits have impeded our commercial machinery, hampering the free flow of intelligence, enterprise, and scientific adventure. Control became the shibboleth of the hour, and whatever difficulty was encountered by Government official or amateur bureaucrat or Jack-in-office was to have been overcome by control. Control was indeed necessary over railways and ships and mines and munition factories to enable the State to put forth its full economic strength; but control run mad has taught men of every grade in the commercial and industrial world how beneficial and even priceless was the atmosphere of freedom. It would be a mistake to imagine that these feelings are restricted merely to the merchant, the capitalist, and the *entrepreneur*; for it is no exaggeration to say that the Ministry of Munitions, in spite of its services to the Allied cause, has in the production of munitions carried the practice of interference far beyond fixing the price regulating the distribution of materials. It has over-spread the industrial life of nearly every trade, and has conferred on officials powers intolerable to the Trade Unions and now hated by men who formerly called themselves State Socialists. They have had a surfeit of the State official. Freedom of internal industry and internal trade are no

less important than freedom of external trade and of international exchange.

The war has changed much; but the change from war conditions back to peace conditions will be still greater, and demobilization, when five million of sailors and soldiers and many millions of munition workers are gradually returned to civil life and the occupations of peace, will bring us face to face with problems which have been newly assessed. There will be impatience with every form of dilatory or nervous handling of social questions. Here are some of the questions men are asking. Are those agricultural laborers who have fed on beef every day of the week, the best that the world could produce, to return to the sparse diet which was all that their meager wages could procure, or live on beer as a mental and physical substitute? Is the woman to drop her 34s. a week which came to her regularly while her man was in the forces and she was alone with her five children? With a pre-war wage of 25s., once more the total family income, how is she to keep up her standards when, beside her children, there is seated her husband, the substantial apparition with a healthy hunger, at the family table from which he has been absent for years? Are men who are full of physical energy and enterprise to walk the streets in search of work while land capable of cultivation is left idle or diverted from the purposes of production? And, by no means of least importance, what of housing? Is the villager to go back to tiny, insanitary cottages? Are they to crowd two families at a time into cottages because none have been built during the war and the landowners cannot afford to build after the war? Are the young men from the towns who have lived in more or less healthy huts on open heaths at home and abroad, with ample diet prepared in



well-run kitchens, to go back to the alleys and courts and filthy hovels which form the large part of the East end of every city? (Shall it always be said that the sun never rises in the East end?) Moral growth and individual dignity cannot be fostered in an atmosphere of wretchedness and want. And is labor, whether of men or women, to return to its old controversies? Liberalism has great contributions to make to the answer of every one of these questions. A higher status for men and women in municipal, social, and industrial life is an essential condition precedent to an era of goodwill. Liberalism will make practical its best ideals and by means which are feasible and not merely doctrinaire, based on experience and not merely on theory, help to rebuild a world which has been so near to destruction.

We look forward to the days of peace with hope only in so far as we have confidence in a League of Nations, bound together by moral standards as well as by self-interest, to protect the world against any and every aggressor and against the exploiters of conscription and armaments in every country. But it must be a genuine League of Peace, something honester than the League of 1915, which was merely a league to preserve monarchies, and it must be enforced by the most powerful sanction the civilized peoples can devise.

The social reformer often fails to recognize how much of his work depends on sound finance, for to him sound finance smacks of the City and the Treasury; he forgets that without sound finance there can be no good government or prosperous trade or manufacture or production—men must have what we call a living—and these are the only bases on which reform and social amelioration can rest. We shall have a gigantic

debt in 1918, and that must be met by throwing the burden mainly on the well-to-do—and I mean the well-to-do without exception. It cannot and it ought not to be met by a tariff, the weight of which will fall on the consumers, and more on the poor than on the rich. There can be no repudiation of the debt. Already £130,000,000 of War Certificates have been purchased by the working classes of the United Kingdom, and while it is true that scores of men have lent millions, it is equally true that millions of men have lent scores to the Exchequer. Workingmen hold War Loan and War Bonds now just as formerly rich men held Consols. That in itself is one sufficient reason for the confident belief that, whatever may happen elsewhere, the United Kingdom cannot, and indeed would never, dream of repudiation. But if debt charges are to be paid, taxation will be immensely heavy for a generation to come, and it can only be met in the long run by hard work, by production of more goods than before, and the performance of services of carriage and distribution with greater skill and economy. This can be attained by unfailing co-operation, patience, and honesty between class and class, possibly by the obliteration of class distinctions. Certainly it cannot be met unless by the industrious and intelligent thought and labor of every man and woman freed from restraint, and by the conversion of every person in every grade of society into workers either by hand or brain. Trade Unions have a great future before them, and they have their own policy to advocate, on which I would say nothing, except that the attitude of the old Manchester School towards labor and labor legislation has now no place in Liberal policy. The unions, on the other hand, will surely not fail to recognize their national obligations.

Food must be freed from all imposts; every impediment must be removed from its import. Abundance by taking the place of scarcity must be our principal measure for the reduction of prices, and this reduction must not be checked in any direction by taxes or by import licenses or import restriction. Abundant cheap food and the organization of distribution, whether through private shopkeepers or co-operative stores amply supplied, must be the first order of the day. Food questions for the great mass of our people are the most urgent now and they will be no less urgent for years to come. Bounties and doles and Exchequer grants are follies which Liberals know bring inevitable retribution. This country will be slow to learn the lessons of Paris in the nineteenth century or Germany in the twentieth, and I fear that nothing but bitter experience will finally refute some of the heresies imposed on our Food Controllers by a sensational Press.

The growth of food at home has been stimulated far more by national and county effort, and particularly by the County War Agricultural Committees, than by statutory doles. The War Agricultural Committees, on the whole, have done their work well, and I would like to see them continued long after the war is over. The land of England and Scotland can produce, and is producing, heavier crops. In only one direction is there backward movement, and that is in the size of our flocks and herds. These will not be increased until the orgy of price-fixers has come to an end. But by State organization and the co-operation of agricultural societies and bull and boar clubs and stallion associations, farmers and breeders everywhere can be encouraged, stimulated, pressed to greater and better efforts. Science must make her contribution

to agriculture, not only through the Royal Agricultural Society, but through every modern university and college. Allotments have brightened the miseries of many a household and stocked thousands of larders during the past two years, and we must secure to their holders the right to cultivate small patches of ground in and around our towns for all time. Plots should be ear-marked for allotments and take a place at once in every municipal plan, and, if necessary, Parliament should keep alive for the purpose the powers for the acquisition of land for allotments, which is one of the redeeming features, small in itself but great in its influence for good, of the much-abused Defense of the Realm Act. For town and country policy we cannot do better than utilize the proposals of the two Land Reports of 1913 and 1914, urban and rural, on which Mr. Asquith's Government had based its land policy before the war.

As far as wages are concerned, I think we should go further than the Liberal proposals of the past. We have an honorable record in the fixing of minimum wages for sweated industries, and one of the few steps in social economic progress during the war has been that taken to obtain a minimum wage for the agricultural laborer. Organized labor is quite capable of securing its rights, and, sooner or later, its fair share of remuneration; it does not ask for, and does not require, the interference of Parliament; it requires the restoration of trade union privileges, that it may have given back to those rights, won in the past, which it has surrendered as a temporary war measure. Granted these restored, the unions are now powerful enough to fight their own battles; but they cover by no means all, or even a majority, of the working classes. The rest are either unorganized or weakly organized.

For the former, I would set up machinery by which they could have secured to them a minimum wage.

Housing in town and country will provide commercial men and manufacturers, as well as philanthropists and statesmen, with a crop of difficult practical problems, all the more difficult by reason of the general rise of prices. Standardized fittings and such new methods of construction and system as great business men have devised must all be called in to our aid. If private effort and enterprise is insufficient we must fall back on the local authorities. If the local authorities cannot build fast enough a great central department must fill the gap. We have at least learned from the Ministry of Munitions to extend that form of effort and organization. We shall refuse to be satisfied with the old dialectics and dilemmas. What the State has been able to do in warlike material it can, and must, in one way or another, do for the better housing of our people. All the lessons of standardization and of central control must be called into play, and urgency will justify unprecedented projects. For nearly three years there has been no increase in the number of new dwelling-houses; the building trade is suspended, and these arrears give a 300,000 deficiency. Probably another 300,000 houses are necessary to replace the condemned and inadequate flats and cottages which have been the scandal of Great Britain and Ireland. The problem must be faced with courage and determination, and regarded from the outset as comparable with the needs of the Army and the Navy.

Education, of itself, demands money and enthusiasm. Mr. Fisher, and those who work with him in every walk of life may be the saviors of the English people. It is certain that if they are hindered by reactionaries or

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starved by the Exchequer our power of recovery will be diminished, and the happiness, health, and wealth of every class will be decreased. I cordially join in the views expressed by Lord Crewe in the December *Contemporary Review*. But, whether through the local authorities or otherwise, there must be provided more and more open-air schools and better ventilated schoolrooms. For physical as well as mental reasons classes should be reduced. The war has been the pretext or the excuse for increasing their size in town after town. Teachers should receive better training and higher pay. Children have a first mortgage on our time and attention, and while screwing-up once more the administration of the great Children's Act we must make fresh provision for medical treatment following on medical examination, for the nourishing of the mal-nourished and the devotion of skilled care to the sick, diseased, and defective. Why should we hesitate over larger and longer maternity benefits, the provision of municipal midwives, and the wider distribution of milk to mothers and babes? Unless we undertake these tasks our race will never be able to bear the burdens of a great people or enjoy the happiness which ought to be its birthright.

Liberalism is the guardian of temperance, just as the temperance societies and the churches and the schools are the apostles of temperate habits. The individual work of teetotalers is even more important than their combined political efforts, and it is the duty of Liberalism to provide the atmosphere and the conditions, irrespective of all private interests and investments, in which the temperance missionary and teacher can conduct their work. Let me add that, if the restrictions now imposed on the sale of intoxicating liquor are relaxed in the least degree when the war is over, those responsible

for their relaxation would be guilty of a grave social crime.

Within the limits of this article it is impossible to deal with other questions of public health or women's employment or electoral reform or imperial affairs or the social problems which vex the soul of observant and sym-  
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pathetic men. The dreamers who look into the promised land tell the world what lies before them, and we who have work to do rely on their faith and inspiration, just as they must rely on the tireless service of practical men. Our duty, at least, is clear.

*Walter Runciman.*

## JOHN-A-DREAMS.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

#### THE BED OF MEMORY.

One November day quite unexpectedly a car drew up at the post-office in Cloughaneely. Miss Horan, who was sealing the letter-bag for the afternoon post, looked over her spectacles through the square of window-glass which was just above the slit for the reception of letters. Fortunately she had all but finished. The sealing-wax fell from her fingers with a clatter on the counter. She ran from behind the partition and into the street. Everybody was running to their doors to see who it was driving up to the post-office on a car from Ennis, no less. She found time, however, in her wild flight to call out:

"Christina, Christina, put on the kettle to boil and light a fire in the cottage. If here isn't Miss Sweeney all the way from France!"

Miss Horan was just in time to receive Octavia in a close embrace as she touched solid earth from the high seat of the car.

"Sure you're welcome as the flowers in May!" she cried. "And is it all by yourself you've come? Isn't it the mercy of Heaven that Father Michael's got into his own house and that I turned out the cottage yesterday. Everything's well-aired, and you needn't be afraid to sleep in your own bed tonight."

"I've come for a short visit," said Miss Sweeney. "You needn't take any trouble about me. I'm just rather dead tired, and if I was to arrive home like that my Poppa would be very much discontented. Wasn't it odd that I couldn't think of any place to rest unless it was to be Cloughaneely?"

A little later Octavia was sitting before a roaring fire in the cottage, her own dainty tea-things on the table by her side, the lamp lit and Billy lying on the hearthrug, wagging his tail as he had not wagged it since she went away.

Miss Horan had shut up for the evening.

"According to strict regulations, dear, I'm not to shut till seven," she said, "but sure what's the good of keeping open? If a child wanted a stamp or an old person a postal order they've only to rap at the door with their knuckles and the dog would hear them."

"Oh, don't apologize to me," said Miss Sweeney, with a deep sigh of satisfaction. "It is good to be here. Just by myself. I've strayed my good Deane on the Continent somewhere. Don't look so shocked. She's a good traveler: and I only mean to state that she's gone right home to visit her mother. She'll join me next month."

"I've nothing to say against the woman," Miss Horan remarked placidly. "Only I never like those English

eyes, of the commonality—upon us. I always think they're thinking, 'The poor Irish are a queer lot!' It's different with quality that often goes the other way and is delighted with nothing at all so long as it's Irish. Sure I'll be your maid, dear. Give the woman another month. And wouldn't Christina lie down and die for you?"

"Can't I wait on myself?" Octavia asked. "I'm one of yourselves, am I not? My father's daughter has no right to be a drone."

"Well, I suppose in a manner of speaking, you are one of ourselves. And yet—sure the MacSweeneys were a great family in these parts. And if they weren't God made you dainty and like a queen, and you've so many fal-lals that I don't suppose you'd ever be able to see to them yourself."

"I've only brought a trunk and a hat-case," said Octavia, with an air of achievement. "What delicious tea! It is so beautifully strong and black. And is this the little Kerry's cream? You don't get real cream in towns. It's downright mixed. Oh, it is good to be here! What matter if summer is gone and the lilies . . . ?"

"There are pansies," said Miss Horan; "they are the faithfullest flower of all. And only yesterday I picked a few sprays of forget-me-not. There's boy's-love and love-lies-bleeding. But love-in-a-mist is over, and I've hardly a sprig of rosemary left. That is in the bed opposite your window. There are plenty of China asters and hollyhocks and sunflowers and dahlias out in the other beds, but my bed of memory would make a poor show only for the pansies."

"So it is a bed of memory," Miss Sweeney said, turning to look at the little spinster, who grew prettier and prettier, as Lord Dunmore had told her, with her sweet-pea cheeks and forget-me-not eyes. "I always thought it was."

"Well, it is, dear. I keep it to the memory of one who went from me to the war and never came back. It was my own fault. I was afraid of my mother, and she thought it was a terrible come-down for her daughter to think of marrying a common soldier. There was nothing common about him, and he was beautiful to look at. There are some people who say soldiers are not good"—Miss Horan looked down and her cheeks grew a deeper pink—"but don't you believe it, my dear! I sometimes wish now that he'd asked me to follow him over the world, or *made* me do it, but I was a coward. 'Twas very hard to lose him; for he loved me well; and if I only had his name it would be a comfort and not to be a poor old maid that no one thinks anything about!"

"You poor little soul!" cried Miss Sweeney, on fire with sympathy. "Was it so bad as that? I suspected a love affair. But I did not know how sad it was."

"I'm always sorry for those who never were in love or had anyone in love with them," Miss Horan said, lifting her little face proudly. "For all I'm a poor old maid I was well loved. Only I wouldn't go against my mother, having been well brought up: and I persuaded him to be patient, saying she'd surely give in. She didn't give in, not even after he was dead. Some mothers are very hard. It was then I went against her and put on black like a widow; for I knew she was glad my darling boy was out of the way, and I've worn black ever since, except for a few months before she died when I put on colors to please her. I haven't even a picture of him," she said passionately, "for my mother burnt the one he gave me, and all his letters. The only thing I've got is his little ring and a lock of his hair that I wear in a bag about my neck."

Octavia stared at Miss Horan in



speechless sympathy. She could hardly associate this sudden passionate revelation of sorrow with the mild little spinster, who had always seemed so tranquil. Before she could find words Miss Horan spoke again.

"I only took it all out of its grave—sure I've put a stone at its head this many a year—because I had a reason for it. I made the little bed of memory for him, my lover, Pierce Valentine. He was in the Connaught Rangers. Every flower I grow in it goes to the chapel and is put on the altar for Pierce. But what I wanted to say, dear, was—are you going, please God, to pull Mr. John McGrady out of his trouble?"

Octavia's eyes fluttered like gray moths at twilight. For the moment she ceased to look out from under her level brows, fearlessly at all the world.

"You mean because Miss Howard—I beg her pardon, Princess Paul—threw him over. I grudge her those children."

"I don't mean that, Miss Sweeney. His heart never was in Miss Monica. Oh, indeed, it was a great trouble to me when I thought it was going to be a match. Not but what Miss Monica's a fine creature. But I knew his heart wasn't in it. Madam was terribly set on Miss Monica, because of Miss Cecilia. They'd never have thought of it only Madam McGrady was so bad. Mr. John was always a wonderful child for his mother. He wouldn't think of himself. Perhaps he wouldn't believe there was another one to be thought of. Mr. John always had a small conceit of himself, not like Mr. Tony. Some were saying, Miss, that you and Mr. Tony would make a match, him being with your Pa and all."

Octavia's expression changed: she sparkled. Fun laughed from her eyes and darted about her lips. She was the Laughing Goddess.

"You should see Mr. Anthony McGrady slicing bacon, with a white apron upon him," she said. "He *would* go through with it. Poppa didn't think it altogether necessary. I had to go to see him when he was doing it. He didn't seem to mind any. He looked just immortal."

"That would be a terrible sight for his parents. He was always a play-boy," said Miss Horan, gravely.

"Poppa's delighted. He never looked to get anyone who came even near John Brett. John Brett's gone back to the Lovells. They always held him by a string. When they pulled Sweeney's didn't count. It was downright romantic. Mr. Anthony seems likely to stick. He'll make good all the time," returned Miss Sweeney.

"They do say," Miss Horan went on, "that Mr. John paid for his mother's operation out of the poetry. It's lovely poetry, anyhow. Father Hennessey gave me a copy for myself. Mr. John was too shy about it, else he'd have done it. He's in great trouble about the mare."

"The mare?"

"Yes, the little mare he bought of Patsy Murphy. He thought the world and all of the mare. Some people think a deal of animals. I don't know that you should get so set on them, they being short-lived anyhow. She's dead. He shot her himself."

"You mean—the little brown mare?"

"Granny, they called her. It was short for Granuaile: a queer name to give a horse. They said she'd have a lovely foal that would make a race-horse. She used to follow Mr. John about like a little dog, they were telling me. I saw the two of them together myself one day I went over with a telegram for Sir Anthony, Johnny Malone having the measles and me tired of being shut in the office from one week's end to the other.

Mr. John was standing talking to me—they've always a nice friendly way, the McGradys—when the mare came trotting out from the stable-yard and laid her head on his shoulder like a Christian. She was a pretty creature. He told me they couldn't keep bolts and bars on her when he was about, that she'd slip anything to get to him."

"What happened to the mare?" Miss Sweeney asked quietly.

"Well, indeed, they're saying that she was in terrible suffering, the poor animal. It would have been a miracle if the foal was to have been born alive. Mr. John didn't wait to see. They said it was pitiful to see him while he wandered about, listening to her moans. Tim Hurley, the stable boy, brought word how he saw Mr. John leaning against the stable wall and he white and the tears in his eyes. There'd been a day and a half of it, and the vets could do nothing. They were talking about leaving her to nature. It was a kind little man, Mr. Guilfoyle, that's just started in Ennis, came last. He has a great heart for dumb creatures if he isn't as knowledgeable as some. 'Twas he said about leaving the mare to nature, and he was as white nearly as Mr. John when he said it, or so Tim Hurley says. 'Leave her to nature,' said Mr. Guilfoyle. 'I can do no more. It's terrible to see her suffer.' 'It is so,' said Mr. John. 'She'll hardly battle through it,' said Mr. Guilfoyle. 'A pity! a pity!' When he said that Mr. John went away, and he came back with a loaded rifle. 'What's that for?' says Mr. Guilfoyle. 'To put the poor little woman out of suffering.' 'She's worth three hundred guineas as she stands,' says Guilfoyle, 'and her foal should win the Derby. I've known one as bad as her pull through.' Mr. John never said another word, but he stepped up to the mare, and Tim Hurley said the tears stood big in her eyes as she

turned them on Mr. John, asking him to ease her suffering. He just stooped down and says he, 'Forgive me, Granny, I couldn't let you go on like this.' So he shot her. They are saying it was a foolish thing to do, for the mare might have pulled through, and if she hadn't, itself, there was the foal. Mr. Guilfoyle said it was the grandest thing he ever saw done: but the people do be saying that Guilfoyle will never do much at the business, being too soft-hearted. He handles a sick dog like as if it was a baby. He's not unlike a little pony himself, Miss Sweeney, being wild-eyed and gentle, and a mane of hair on him that he does be throwing backward while he's talking to you, the very same as a fidgety horse."

Octavia had become very pale, but her eyes were shining.

"It was a fine thing to do," she said gently. "You say he was very fond of the mare?"

"He's heartbroken for her. There were the prettiest tricks you ever saw between them. I saw some of them myself. She'd be running at him, pretending to bite him, and when she got up to him she'd be all softness and gentleness, and nearly eating him with love. Madam and Sir Anthony are away, the first time for many a year. Mr. Redmond's wife was very ill, and she asked for Madam to go to her, for all she wasn't very dutiful while she was well. So the two of them are up in Dublin. Mrs. Dom is coming home from India with the children. She'll be here for Christmas. I wouldn't be surprised if they stayed altogether, for India's a terrible place to live in for children by all accounts. At least the children might stay. Madam would be happy all day long if she had her arms full of children. I saw Mrs. Dom once. She was a little wren of a lady that wouldn't stand much hardship."

"You don't think it was very hard on Mr. McGrady that Miss Howard preferred Prince Paul?"

"It might be a bit." Miss Horan answered the sudden question consideringly; "and yet for his heart not to be in her. She was very pretty and sweet, Miss Monica. I am glad she was, for the sake of those children you were so fond of. The Russian gentleman dotes down on her, I hear."

"There was a little time when he looked at me through the children's eyes," Octavia Sweeney said. "He was never in love with me, although he asked me to marry him. It was only the precious children. I shall always envy Princess Paul those two."

"And sure, why should you?" Miss Horan asked simply, "and you with a husband of your own."

"Listen now, dear," she said in a brisker tone. "You'll wonder maybe why I told you about myself and poor Pierce Valentine: an old foolish story that's dead and buried long ago. Well, indeed, dear, the reason I told was maybe that it would be a warning to you not to hurt love while it can live and feel: for once it's in the grave you might be crying your eyes out to say the word, and it no use to say, when there's only stone-deaf ears listening to it. Many's the time I've wished I'd let poor Pierce see all that was in my heart. I had but one kiss from him to carry with me to the grave. I wish now I'd had a thousand. We must make them happy while we can, the creatures! And now I'll go and put your sheets to air."

#### CHAPTER XXV AND LAST.

##### MADAM GOES BACK TO THE TREVI.

A few minutes later Miss Horan, lighting the fire in the little cottage bedroom, heard the door slam, and paused at her task to listen, her head on one side like a bird.

"She's gone to him," she said to

herself; "an' that's as it ought to be. So they'll be happy forever after, and the money will come back to Clew, and there'll be great doings once again."

Octavia meanwhile had walked out into the thickening dusk of the village street. Already there were lights in M'Groarty's shop-window, though it would not be dark for a long time yet; but it was a gray afternoon, and there was nothing for Octavia to see that was not gray. Gray skies, gray sands, gray waters. The gray distances hid the hills. Everything was shadowed and sad; it was the dullest hour of the day; the autumn was on the world; but there was fire and the sunshine in the girl's heart.

She was all aglow over Miss Horan's recital. The thought of John killing the creature he loved rather than that it should suffer agony, touched her poignantly while it uplifted her. She had a vision of him in his loneliness. Monica Howard had thrown him over. He had lost the creature he loved. His mother, on whom he leaned, was away from him. Since she had seen him last he had had to endure mortal fear on that beloved mother's account. Poor boy! Something great awoke in Octavia's heart, something better than lover's love. If it was true that John was hers—indeed she did not doubt it despite that episode of Monica—she was going to be good to her own. She was going to console him for all that he had suffered, and more. She could love royally. As she lifted her face to the breaking sky her beauty was the beauty of a queen.

As she hurried along the bog road an unexpected late shaft of sunshine came out and dazzled her eyes. It was pale sunlight, the last gleam of a dying day that had never had much vitality, breaking through a rift in the cloud. The sea and the sands dazzled now. The dazzle was in her eyes as she

ran up against an old beggar with a bag on his back, apparently full of broken provisions, who stopped to look mild reproach at her.

"It is a wonder," he said, "that you wouldn't be takin' notice of the way ye wor goin', my fine young woman, an' not to be runnin' into dacent people an' spillin' their little bags on them."

"I'm so sorry," said Octavia, sweetly.

The bag had spilled only a couple of cold potatoes and an empty clay pipe, but she stooped down and picked them up for him and restored them to their place in the bag on his shoulder.

"My blessing on you, anyhow," said the beggar. "You've a good face, and you're kind to the poor. 'Twas ayther joy or sorrow ye wor running to so fast. If it was sorrow may you never overtake it, but if it was joy may you come up wid it and never let it go all the days of your life."

"Oh, thank you," said Octavia, in what Miss Horan called "her pretty manner." The seriousness of her face had broken up in happy smiles. "Please may I fill the pipe for you and put some butter on the potatoes?"

She pulled out a little jeweled purse, and, turning it upside down, shook the silver it contained into his old stained and knotted hand.

"That's for the sake of another old man, who is very dear to me," she said, "and because you've given me a blessing."

Then she ran along the sands, swift as Atalanta. None of her fine friends would have recognized her as the elegant and somewhat languid Miss Sweeney of the drawing-rooms. Though she was quite simply attired in a tailor-made dress of blue serge, the cut was distinguished and did its part for her beauty. The old beggarman, as he stood to look after her, muttered to himself that it was a queen she was, and where at all did she come from in

these wild parts unless she was to be a fairy queen or one of them long dead that did be comin' back for the redemption of Ireland.

"It might be," he said, rejecting these suppositions, "that she was overtakin' the lad I saw beside the say a mile back, an' him atin' the heart out of himself wid sorrow, unless I'm sore mistaken. She's gone to him on the shoes of fleetness, an' she's carryin' the comfort and the love wid her, if I know anything, an' I was always counted wise. There's something very lovesome about her, an' I only pray she's not a fairy woman, for if she was, this money she gave would turn to withered leaves."

He considered the silver in his hand which showed no sign of such an undesirable change, and went on his way carrying with him something that should be a village tale in many parts of Ireland, for he was a wandering old man, driven incessantly from place to place by the desire to see new things.

Octavia ran on, her eyes gray as the sea, from which the pale light had died off. She was thinking of John at Clew, in the place of which he had made her free—the little office or harness-room in the stable-yard, to which he retired when he wished to be done with the world. It was an austere little place. She could see it as she ran—the plain wooden shelves full of books, the table heaped with papers, one or two bibelots among the heap of untidy man-things on the wooden chimney-piece, the delicate water-color John had made of Madam over the fireplace, his sketches pinned on the wall. The fire would be nearly out and the lamp not lit. John would be sitting at the table, his disheveled head on his arms, his eyes hidden.

She did not think of the conveniences, of the possible comments of the kitchen and stable-yard, when she should seek John in that place. What she should

do when she found him she would not consider. If he looked miserable and unhappy the words would come. If he loved her. . . . She said to herself softly the very words that John had said of Monica Howard not so many months ago,

If he love me, this believe,  
I will die ere he shall grieve.

The light came again on the waters, on the leagues of wet sands. Far ahead of her she thought she could see something like the body of a man lying on the sands.

It was not an uncommon thing for the body of a drowned person to be washed up on the sands. She remembered how, last autumn, several bodies had come in after the *Grecian* had turned turtle thirty miles out in the Atlantic. She stopped, her high heart falling dismally. Then her courage came back. If it was a body—she could not be sure at this distance; now the light had again been blurred, she was not sure of anything—she must give notice so that it should have Christian burial. It might be some one who was not dead, who might be helped back to life. The thought set her running again: she had paused, her hand over her eyes to shade them from the long dazzling beam which now had disappeared.

A little way from the object she had seen—it was a man, not dead; lying asleep; no, not asleep, only face downward on the sand—she stopped, and her heart began to thump in her side. She went nearer, walking stealthily, till she made sure. Yes; it was John McGrady: his hat, flung off, lay at a little distance. His face was on his arms. While she looked she saw the long slow heave of his shoulders.

She stood for a second, wondering what she should say or do. She divined his tears, and she was afraid to surprise him.

While she hesitated he looked up at her sideways, and, flushing, stumbled to his feet, muttering apologies. The misery of his face had suddenly lightened and brightened. She saw it, and she saw, too, how haggard he was, how troubled and marred his young comeliness.

"I have lost a dear friend," he began, facing her. "When did you come? I had no idea . . ."

There was not a soul to see them. Nothing living except the gulls and the cormorants. The eagle that had darkened the window of John's nursery long ago by the swoop of his wings, was in his nest on the high peak. The night was settling down on the desolation of the scene, the tossing gray sea, the wet sands that glimmered coldly now, like the coils of a wet snake.

"I came . . . I met the Ourosoffs in Vienna."

The connection was not evident.

"What must you think of me?" he asked. "I am still in your debt, likely to remain so for some time to come. You know . . . she is dead . . . the beautiful thing you gave me. Her poor eyes were like a woman's . . ."

He choked and suddenly she went to him and took his head into her arms.

"My poor boy," she said, "my poor boy!"

After that there did not seem to be very much need of explanations, though some had to be made, of course. Mr. Sweeney came, as soon as possible, across the Atlantic and blessed the engagement.

"I was bound to have a son-in-law of the name of John," he said. "It's a downright good, dependable name. When I was a barefooted boy in Cloughaneely there were a couple of pictures among the saints on the wall,



and my mother used to point to them and say, 'Them were good men for Ireland, Dinny.' I never forgot it. One was John Mitchel and the other was John Martin. We thought a lot of John O'Leary in the days afterwards. I don't know that I like any name better. You shall have a partnership in Sweeney's, John, and Tony will be boss, and manage it for the rest of us, half the year at least; for I don't see myself in New York and Octavy in Ireland. I'll have the Islands to play with, and perhaps a few other places; and I'll buy that old ruin, that old Eagle's Crag that belonged to the Earls of Clare, and I'll make it fit for you and Octavy to live in, with all the modern improvements. You won't grudge me a corner of the house for the rest of my days—you and Octavy. I guess I'll find plenty to play with

around here. There's lots to be done for the people and the place. We needn't give up Gramerey Park. A few months every winter we might be in New York. I expect I'd miss Sweeney's if I was to be done with it altogether. So would Octavy. We'll keep Sweeney's in the family."

Meanwhile John and Octavia were to be married before the winter set in. They were going abroad, and Sir Anthony and Madam were to join them in Rome for Christmas. Mr. Sweeney thought he could very likely make one of the party, though he would have to be on hand in New York for some time yet, while Tony climbed up the ladder rung by rung, as he seemed determined to do.

"And so," said Madam, with shining wet eyes, "I shall go back to the Trevi after all."

THE END.

### THE LEAVE BOAT.

All night long the wind shrieked, rattling windows to the discomfort of those who were lucky enough to have roofs over their heads, threatening the dwellers in tents with the utter destruction of their shelters. Very early, before the dawn of the winter morning, the rain began, not to fall—the rain in a full gale of wind does not fall—but to sweep furiously across the town. The long stretch of the quay was desolate. Water lay in deep pools between the railway lines among the sleepers. Water trickled from deserted wagons and fell in small cascades from the roofs of sheds. The roadway, crossed and recrossed by the railway, had little muddy lakes on it and broad stretches of mud, rather thicker than the water of the lakes.

Far down the quay lay a steamer with two raking funnels—the leave boat, the ship of heart's desire for

many men. Clouds of smoke, issuing defiantly from her funnels, were immediately swept sideways by the wind and beaten down by the rain. The smoke ceased to be smoke, became a duller grayness added to the grayness of the air, dissolved into smuts and was carried to earth—or to the faces and hands of wayfarers—by the rain. Already at seven o'clock there were men going along the quay—a steady stream of men, tramping, splashing, stumbling towards the steamer. In the matter of the sailing of leave boats, rumor is the sole informant, and rumor had it that this boat would start at 10 A.M. Leave is a precious thing. He takes no risks who has secured the coveted pass to Blighty. It is a small matter to wait three hours on a rain-swept quay. It would be a disaster beyond imagining to miss the boat.

Officers make for the boat in twos or

threes. Their trench coats, buttoned tightly, flap round putteed or gaitered legs. Drenched haversacks hang from their shoulders. Parties of men, fully burdened with rifles and kit, march down from the rest camps where they have spent the night. The mud of the trenches is still thick on them. One here and there wears his steel helmet. They carry all sorts of strange packages, sacks tied at the mouth, parcels sewed up in sacking, helmets of German soldiers slung on knapsacks, valueless trophies of battlefields, loot from captured dug-outs, pathetically foolish souvenirs bought in French shops, all to be presented to the wives, mothers, sweethearts, who wait at home.

A couple of army Sisters, lugging suit-cases, clinging to the flying folds of their gray cloaks, walk bent forward against the wind and rain. A blue-coated Canadian nurse, brass stars on her shoulder straps, has given an arm to a V. A. D. girl, a creature already terrified at the prospect of crossing the sea on such a day. The rain streams down their faces, but the Canadian is perhaps accustomed to worse rain. She is smiling and walks jauntily, a young woman of immense vitality. A heavy gray motor rushes along, splashing the walkers. Beside the driver is a pile of luggage. Inside, secure behind plate glass from any weather, sits a general. Another motor follows, and still others. British Staff officers and military attachés from Allied nations, the privileged classes of the war, sweep by while humbler men splash and stumble.

But in front of the gangway of the leave boat, as at the gates of Paradise, there is no distinction of persons. The mean man and the mighty find the same treatment there. There comes a moment when the car must be left, when crossed sword and baton on the shoulder-straps avail their wearer no more than a single star. A sailor,

relentless as Rhadamanthus, stands on the gangway and bars the way to the shelter of the ship. No one—so the order has gone forth—is to be allowed on board before 9 o'clock. There is shelter a few yards behind—a shed. But few seek it. The earliest comers prefer to cluster round the end of the gangway, determined, though they wait hours, to be among the first on board. The crowd grows denser as time goes on. The Canadian Sister, alert and competent, secures a seat on the rail of a disused gangway and plants two neat feet on the rail opposite. An Australian captain, gallant amid extreme adversity, offers the spare waterproof he carries to the shivering V. A. D. A general is wedged tight against a young padre and accepts a light for his cigarette from the bowl of the youth's huge brown pipe. Now and then someone asks a neighbor whether it is likely that the boat will start on such a day. A grizzled major on the outskirts of the crowd says that he has it on the best authority that the port is closed and that there will be no sailings for a week. The news travels from mouth to mouth. But no one stirs. There is a horrid possibility that it may be true; but—well, most men know the reputation of that "best authority." He is a liar, worse than Ananias.

The ship rises slowly higher and higher, for the tide is flowing. The gangway grows steeper. From time to time two sailors shift it slightly, retie the ropes which fasten it to the ship's rail. The men on the quay watch the manœuvre hopefully. At 9 o'clock an officer appears on the outside fringe of the crowd. With a civility which barely cloaks his air of patronage, he demands way for himself to the ship. His brassard wins him all he asks at once. On it are the letters A. M. L. O. He is the Assistant Military Landing Officer, and for the moment is lord of

all, the arbiter of things more important than life and death. In private life he is perhaps a banker's clerk or an insurance agent. On the battlefield his rank would entitle him to such consideration only as is due to a captain. Here he may ignore a colonel, may say to a brigadier "Stop pushing." He has what all desire, the "Open Sesame" which will clear the way to the ship.

He goes on board, acknowledging with careless grace the salute of one of the ship's officers. He stands on the shelter deck. With calm dignity he surveys the swaying crowd beneath him. "There's no hurry, gentlemen," he says. There is no hurry for him. He has risen from his bed at a reasonable hour, has washed, shaved, bathed, breakfasted. He has not stood for hours in drenching rain. The look of him is too much for the general who is wedged beside the padre in the crowd. He speaks:

"What the—? Why the—? When the—? Where the—?"

He is a man of fluent speech, this general. The Canadian Sister leads the applause of the crowd. The general turns to the young clergyman.

"Excuse me, Padre, but really——"

The Army respects the Church, knows that certain necessary forms of speech are not suited to clerical ears. But the Church is human and can sympathize with men's infirmities.

"If I were a general," said the padre, "I should say a lot more."

The general, encouraged, does say more. The A. M. L. O., recognizing the rank of his assailant, wilts visibly. The stiffness goes out of him before the delighted eyes of the crowd. Another gangway is lowered. In two thin streams the damp men and draggled women struggle on board the ship. Officers detailed for duty on board—a small band of helpless subalterns—are paraded on the upper deck by the

A. M. L. O. To them at least he can still speak with authority. He explains to the bewildered youths what their duties are. Each passenger, so it appears, must wear a life-belt. It is the business of the subalterns to see that everyone ties round his chest one of these bandoliers of cork.

On the leave boat the spirit of democracy is triumphant. Sergeants jostle commissioned officers. Subalterns seize deck chairs desired by colonels of terrific dignity. Privates with muddy trousers crowd the sofas of the first-class saloon. Discipline, we may suppose, survives. If peril threatened, men would fall into their proper places and words of command would be obeyed. But the outward forms of discipline are for a time in abeyance. The spirit of good fellowship prevails. The common joy—an intensified form of the feeling of the schoolboy on the first day of the Christmas holidays—makes one family of all ranks and ages. No doubt also the sea insists on the recognition of new standards of worth. The humblest private who is not seasick is visibly and unmistakably a better man than a field-marshal with his head over the bulwarks. Curious and ill-assorted groups are formed. Men who at other times would not speak to each other are drawn and even squeezed together by the pressure of circumstance.

Between two of the deck-houses on the lower deck of this steamer is a narrow passage. Porters have packed valises and other luggage into it. It is sheltered from the rain and will be secure from showers of flying spray. Careless and inexperienced travelers, searching along the crowded decks for somewhere to sit down, pass this place by unnoticed. Others, accustomed in old days to luxurious traveling, scorn it and seek for comfort which they never find. One or two who before this have crossed the Channel on the

leave boat in bad weather know of this nook and make for it. A few others drift into it or are pressed in by the crowd outside. The Canadian Sister, a competent young woman, has found her way here and settled down her helpless V. A. D. on a valise—a lumpy, uncomfortable seat. A private from a Scottish regiment is here. A padre, a gray-headed man with large experience of life, has sat down on the deck, his back against one side of the passage, his feet pressed against the other. He is wedged securely and has a waterproof over his knees. Two Belgians and a Russian Staff officer struggle in the narrow space to adjust their life-belts. A brigadier, a keen-eyed, eager-faced young man, one of those to whom the war has given opportunity and advancement, joins the group. He speaks in French to the Belgians and the Russian. He helps to make the V. A. D. less utterly uncomfortable. He offers a flask and then a cigar to the padre.

There is one subject of conversation. Will the boat start? The Russian is hopeful. Is not England mistress of the seas? The padre is despondent. Once before, in a long-ago time of leave, the boat did not start. The passengers, and he among them, were disembarked. The Scottish private has heard from a friend of his in "the Signals" that German submarines are abroad in the Channel. The brigadier is openly contemptuous of all information derived from men in "the Signals." The Canadian Sister is cheerful. If she were captain of the ship, she says, she would start, and what is more, fetch up at the other side.

The captain, it appears, shares her spirit. The ship does start. The harbor is cleared and at once the tossing begins. The party between the deck-houses sways and reels. It becomes clear very soon that it will be impossible to stand, but sitting down is

difficult. The padre has to change his attitude. It is not possible for anyone to sit with outstretched legs. The brigadier warns the Russian to be careful how he bestows himself.

"Don't put your feet on my haver-sack," he says. "There's a bottle of hairwash in it!"

The Russian shifts his feet.

"There'll be a worse spill if you trample on mine," says the padre. "There's a bottle of Benedictine in it."

"Padre!" says the brigadier. "I'm ashamed of you. I had the decency to call it hairwash."

The Canadian Sister laughs loud and joyously.

It is noticed that the Scottish private is becoming white. Soon his face is worse than white. It is grayish green. The Canadian Sister tucks her skirts under her. The prospect is horrible. There is no room for the final catastrophe of seasickness. The brigadier is a man of prompt decision.

"Out you go," he says to the man. "Off with you and put your head over the side."

The padre bestirs himself, seizes the helpless Scot by the arm and pushes him out. The next to succumb is the Russian Staff officer. His face is pallid and his lips blue. The V. A. D. is past caring what happens. The two Belgians are indifferent. The Canadian Sister, the brigadier, and the padre take silent counsel, their eyes meeting.

"I can't talk French," says the padre.

"I can," said the brigadier.

He does. He explains politely to the Russian the indecency of being seasick in that crowded space. He points out that there is one course only open to the sufferer—to go away and bear the worst elsewhere. Honor calls for the sacrifice. The Russian opens his eyes feebly and looks at the deck beyond the narrow limits of his refuge. It is swept at the moment by a shower

of spray. He shudders and closes his eyes again. The brigadier persuades, exhorts, commands. The Russian shakes his head and intimates that he neither speaks nor understands French. He is a brave and gallant gentleman. Shells cannot terrify him, nor the fiercest stuttering of machine-guns make him hesitate in advance. But in a certain stage of seasickness the ears of very heroes are deaf to duty's call.

The padre takes the cigar from his mouth and crushes the glowing end on the deck. He is not seasick, but there are times when tobacco loses its attractiveness. The brigadier becomes strangely silent. His head shrinks down into the broad upturned collar of his coat. Only the Canadian Sister remains cheerfully buoyant, her com-

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plexion as fresh, her cheeks as pink as when the rain washed them on the quay.

The throbbing of the engines ceases. For a brief time the ship wallows in the rolling seas. Then she begins to move backwards towards the breakwater of the harbor. The brigadier struggles to his feet and peers out.

"England at last," he says. "Thank goodness!"

Women, officers, and men fling off the life-belts they have worn and crowd to the gangways. With shameless eagerness they push their way ashore. The voyage is over. Trains—good, swift, easy-rolling English trains—wait in long lines at the platform. Leave—the golden eight days of it—long expected, eagerly striven for, has really begun at last.

*George A. Birmingham.*

## MOUNTAINS, FLOWERS, AND WAR.

The more one saw of Mesopotamia, the more one longed for flowers and green shade. During all the fighting and waiting from Sheikh Saad to Shumran, during all the shivering in the mud and sweltering in the sun and digging down to escape the hot flying dust, north by east of us there stood the bold flank of the Pusht-i-Kuh, snow-capped from the winter rains to the first week in May, and luring us with their deep gorges opening on to the plain. Up there one knew there must be flowers and meadows and trees, and a favorite topic in the Sannaiyat trenches in the hot weather was the hill-station we were going to build in the Pusht-i-Kuh after the war. I once skirted the range in an aeroplane near enough to see the scrub oak. My pilot was a keen mountaineer, and we were both consumedly homesick after this glimpse of our desires when we flew back to the

dull, monotonous dead flat by the Tigris.

It was borne in on us more than once in Mesopotamia that altitude is life. When we left the baked deltaic mud, where for hundreds of square miles there is not a pebble, or a tree, save the unsatisfying date-palm, and entered the low foothills less than a thousand feet above sea-level, we came to flowers. I was with the Jebel Hamrin Column that went to meet the Cossacks on the Persian borderland. The streams were white with water-buttercup, and their banks starred with English flowers. As the vicious little shrapnel burst over us I felt the senselessness of war more than I had done for a whole year. In these iris-fields I had almost forgotten we were fighting. The great objective had been grasped and left behind. None of us could have felt very warlike. A blue sky, willows, a running stream, an



English spring, banks bright with charlock, buttercups, clover, veronica, pimpernel, scarlet anemones glowing through the grass; beyond the stream a plain rolling up to a scalloped ridge of rock; beyond this again, forty miles or more, the snows, and every promise of a flowering undulating country in between. It seemed hard on our men to have to go on attacking entrenched positions after a lull like this. War carried out of the accursed dead plain, where it had become a normal kind of hell, into this green spot, seemed less a phase, more an eternal fact, than ever.

I had not seen flowers since May 1916, when in the lull after the fall of Kut I wandered up the Karun river to Ahwaz, Maidan-i-Napthun, and Shuster. This district is reputed even by the Persians to be one of the most scorching fire-pits in Asia. Yet at the end of May in the ravines of the sweeping downland under the Bakh-tiari hills the purple teazle, rows of fine upstanding hollyhocks, and the magnificent spear-thistle were still flowering at 500 feet. Six weeks earlier the grass had been studded with narcissus, crocus, and anemone. We had left the deadness of the dun-colored plain behind. Iguanas of all colors scurried through the grass in front of us, some of them red-throated as a pheasant. On the northern face of the Tul-i-Khayyat, where the ridge falls away to the Lehbarri plain in a series of platforms, like tiers in an amphitheater, we found larkspur, rock-  
et, mullein, mignonette, scabious, salvia, convolvulus, borage, and the homely yarrow.

It was not a question of latitude, for we were no farther north than Sheikh Saad,—or of temperature, for the thermometer rose higher; it was mere soil and elevation, and the little respite the shade of a cliff gives a plant in a day of fourteen hours of burning sun. Yet we were not a

thousand feet above the sea. A little altitude is a great blessing, and any virtue one may have found in hills in peace-time

Is doubled and doubled and doubled again,  
And squared and raised to the power of "n,"

for those who have passed eighteen months in the plains of Mesopotamia.

Leave rules are generous in Force "D." In the hot weather most of us get off by relays to India, and of course one makes straight for the hills. One has a full month, and sometimes a few days thrown in, between disembarking and embarking at Bombay. After Mesopotamia the joys of civilization are sweet. Even a train journey across the plains in July is delightful; and no one who knows Kashmir grudges the fifty-one hours by rail to Rawal Pindi. The motor run of 160 miles through Murree and up the Jhelum valley to Baramula is good; and when one wakes up in the morning in a buttercup-field and mounts one's pony and turns his head up the bridle-path to Baramula, one recaptures the thrill one had as a boy on the first day of the holidays after the first term at school.

The air is fresh and cool. One rides over the low plateau up into the firs and cedars, dips again to a stream, and up by a path like a steep English lane, where the wild roses fling their scent across the road. Then again to meadows and fields and villages where the walnuts and chenars throw a generous shade. After a hueless land of offense and negation it is difficult to say whether color or smell, or shadow or coolth, or the coming back to long-forbidden familiar things pleases most. One is most sensible to the freshness of everything. It is the gentleness and sympathy in the touch of the mountain air that begets all the

rest—the life, the color, the green shade, the sweet smells. Where this gentleness is not, as in Mesopotamia, there is death. Delicacy of color and form and texture is born of it. In the flax-field by the side of the road you will find the gamut of blue—in the flax and the borage, both flowers that steep themselves in the sun, the lightest, clearest, filmiest blue of the iris of a young girl's eyes and the darkest blue of cobalt merging into purple. And the succory grows at the edge of the field as at home, nature's stock blue, the primal elemental blue, spread everywhere as it should be in the image of stars, color and form, like youth and beauty in one mould.

I have often thanked God that I had a nodding unscientific acquaintance with plants as a boy, enough to tell the family of a flower at a glance without counting the stamens or dissecting it with a knife. This means that one finds old friends in mountains and meadows, and woods all over the world, and one is never bored on a journey. At every step pleasant images and memories rise, conjured up by shapes and smells. In half an hour on a Himalayan path one lives through many incarnations. Here is the pink lychnis that used to grow on the bank over the pool where one learned to swim; the white dianthus that one found on the cliff where one first saw the sea; the yellow agrimony that grew behind the cricket-field wall at school when strawberries were ripe. One is greeted by small obscure flowers that one has forgotten for years, and meets again with a feeling like remorse the dwarf willow-herb, the wayside verbena, the enchanter's nightshade, and that pleasant prim flower with the prim name, *Prunella Vulgaris* or self-heal, which used to cover the path in a certain wood that led to a house of delight.

Soon the warmth has drawn out the

smell of resin in the pine. Higher up in a clearing in the forest I dismounted and rolled on a bank of thyme with all the zest of a pony or an ass—thyme

That smells like dawn in Paradise.

I hoped the many thousands who had "gone West" in France and Mesopotamia were smelling it; for Paradise, if it is to be satisfying, must be earthy at least in its flowers and smells. There must be wallflowers and willow-herb, and thyme and meadowsweet in the Elysian fields; for these we could well spare "the ampler ether," "the diviner air," "the more pellucid streams." Plants of new design, unfamiliar hues and scents, with no grateful associations reminiscent of earth, can only live in a bad dream of Paradise. They could not proceed from the God who fashioned the primrose and the wood-sorrel. If one believed in a divinity so dull to his good works one would be more afraid to die. For there can be nothing in the next incarnation half so good as the smell of hot thyme or the reek of a hayfield in this.

It caused some amusement among my friends in Gulmarg that a man released from Mesopotamia, with the comforts of civilization spread before him, should choose to go off into the wilderness and live in tents. But I met old friends who were starting on a trek in the Pir Panjal, and we carried a fair share of civilized comforts with us. Gulmarg lies in a cup and is divested of flowers. The marg itself is deformed; all of it that is not reserved for golf is covered with a warren of huts scattered haphazard like goods-sheds in a station siding. The place reminded me of Gnatong in Sikkhim after military occupation. Yet if you go to the edge of the cup and look over you will see the best of Kashmir. The station does not spoil the Pir Panjal, for it is only a caravanserai, and there is little danger of

it spreading. In half an hour's walk you have left it behind. In the whole of the range from the Banihal pass to the Jhelum river there is not another bazaar or village on the marg level.

Mountain-lovers, who are not mountaineers, will return again and again to the Pir Panjal. It is the one range in the Himalayas where the mountain slopes are not always on end, where one can gallop over downs of close-bitten turf and through forest glades. The margs, or meadows, lie on the northern side—open plots with a margin of trees through which one can look down on the golden valley of Kashmir. Riding through the dark forest one enters a clear marshy space of emerald green, the color of seedling rice, often with a bright pool in it cumbered by fallen and rotting trees. The marg is sometimes a little garden, an acre or less, walled by pines; sometimes a stretch of a mile or two of open rolling down, covered with thyme and marjoram and eyebright. Nobody understands why the forest leaves these glades alone and does not encroach. In the summer the Goojars or herdsmen, gentle goatlike men with ape-like ears, drive their sheep and cattle up to graze from May to September, ascending or descending to different altitudes as the sun or snow compels them. In most of the large margs one comes across their low huts of horizontal pine logs rudely laid one upon the other. These are deserted in the winter. Half the charm of camping in the range is that there are no recognized bridlepaths or stages. The Goojars only know their own grazing grounds, and they will guide you from one to another, pointing out the fords in the gray-bouldered beds of the torrents where the rocks have been moved aside to give their herds a passage. This makes for desultory travel. One may start with half a dozen different objectives. If

the weather holds, one is drawn up to the *ndgs* or mountain tarns, or the jagged crest of the range where there are peaks for mountaineers,—Tatakuti or the Darhwal Dome topping 15,500 feet. If one runs into persistent rain, one can plunge down into the plateaus of the Jhelum valley below the forest and the margs. Here one can generally count on sunshine and the delights of the most purely pastoral country in the Himalayas.

My own bent after the Tigris valley was pastoral, but the lady who had instigated the trek was for ascending. Alpine flowers were her hobby, and I was content. The husband was all for easy stages. He admitted to me that he would have given ten pounds to be quit of the whole affair. Holiday and peace of mind to him meant golf and bridge and the daily newspaper interspersed with his particular research. Once a year he martyred himself by going camping with his wife, who had the soul of an explorer. He always swore that he would not do it again, and she always swore that she would not have him. But their ways were undivided. The fourth member of the party fell through.

On the first day of our travels the sun shone. We left Gulmarg to the West, descending 2000 feet into the valley of the Ferozepore stream among larkspur and mallow and warm-scented scabious. The path beyond led up through forest margs, rounded a spur, and emerged on the high sweeping downs that fall away from the main wall of the range. As we ascended, the whole forest, from 7000 to 9000 feet, was knee-deep in Jacob's Ladder, as blue a carpet as the wild hyacinths

That seem the heavens upbreking  
through the earth,

but a lighter, more cerulean blue.

The man was for camping by a ruined tower, an ancient robbers.

stronghold, whence one could look down on these azure fields and through the pines on to the plain. He had a great sympathy with the camp-followers, the servants and pony-men who abhor altitude, and to whose interest it is to halve stages. He was for heading for the valley, she for the hills. Having come to an attractive spot he was for pitching camp. "What could be better than this?" he called out to Diana. "A lovely little marg! your hard-driven slaves are tired." And he pointed out to her professorially the beauties of nature for which she had left a comfortable home,—that golden hummock of buttercups—it was really ragwort—under the dark firs, the long row of sentinel mullein—he called it yellow foxglove—ranging down the cliff to the stream. No one who cared about flowers, he argued, could leave the spot for the uncertain beauties beyond. And it was such a good vantage-ground for retreat if it rained. We had left Gulmarg, the Club, the hotel, only one short march behind.

Here the Goojars, observing a weakness in the will-to-progress of the party came up and protested that beyond this spot there was no grass, no wood, no track, that other Sahibs had camped here, and that if we went on the ponies would all die. To which Diana in her buckskins made suitable reply. A little argument, a little coaxing, some delicate reproof, a few contemptuous words to the men; then she mounted and whipped her pony over the next knoll, down the dip, across the level plain and up the incline. Here she waited and watched under the mast pines for the first signs of the movement she had kindled. Soon Azizeh, the tiffin-basket coolie, clad in faded indigo, would appear over the rise, followed by the man with the lamps, and the toothless Ancient of Days with his staff, and his look of cen-

turies of slow resigned movement, imposed by some law which he was too gentle to resist. The caravan would slowly drag out its length again, tents and bedding, sky-pointing tables and chairs, valises, kerosene-oil tins, pots and pans, the husband somewhere among them planting the point of his Khud stick in the turf with each deliberate step, moving a little less resignedly than the Ancient of Days. He always yielded if there were a patch of blue, or a ray of sun. His dallyings were only moves in the game, the assertion of a philosophy to which he must be consistent—in spirit even if he had abandoned it in fact. And so in a spirit of perverse banter he would coddle a malingering, giving him his horse to ride, and listened with assumed credulity to the pretexts of the pony-men. Yet every evening by six o'clock the woman had pitched her camp where she intended, or not far short of it; and the man, once sedentary, was reconciled.

The first night out of Gulmarg we camped in the Vehinar marg among the junipers. Each low isolated patch was a flower-bed, bright with the purple spires of monkshood, the lovely white drooping columbine, the bluey-gray codonopsis, the branching yellow inula; the gray rock-beds of the little streams were avenues of the pink and red polygonum, and the thyme and eyebright disputed the turf. At sunset Diana and I were drawn up the slope to the edge of the mountain a mile to the north, and looked over. The whole valley of Kashmir was bathed in opal and amber and gold. But it was only for a few moments. The powers of darkness were getting the upper hand. The glow of silver on the Woolar lake under Haramokh faded to a dull lead. Soon "the purpureal gleams" of Erebus had dispossessed all light, and the thick blanket of cloud that had wrought the transformation was almost on our

heads. We hurried back to the camp, little knowing that we had witnessed the last innings of the sun for five days.

By the camp fire, which the rain had not extinguished, we found the man happily smoking. He was always happy when the question of locomotion was in abeyance, and he entertained us till late in the night with a flow of good talk. Antiquarian, socialist, educationalist, economist, steeped in the Classics, yet a contemner of our public schools, he carried an encyclopædia in his head that would have weighed down another pack-pony if we had brought it in volume form. His wisdom was borrowed from life and contact with men as much as from books; and though an analyst of human nature, he was more in love with Psyche than psychology. He found neither in the mountains, and our talk generally wandered far from the Pir Panjal.

The next day we crossed the Krag Nangal Pass in rain and camped in Toshmaidan. On the third morning the clouds were thick and lowering after heavy rain all night, but at ten o'clock the sun had lightened and almost penetrated the mist. We decided to go on, but it was twelve before the men had struck tents and caught and loaded the ponies. A tall, dark, inarticulate Goojar or Toshmaidan, without a word of Hindustani, guided us up to a sort of tunnel under the clouds which we understood was the pass. The other side of this range, the main backbone of the Pir Panjal, there are a number of unvisited or rarely visited lakes, which Diana was anxious to explore. They appealed to her imagination, to her sense of adventure; they were the haunts of romance, the habitat of rare Alpine flowers, of late primulas and creamy saxifrage, of the blue corydalis, and the great blue prickly poppy, which stands out of the rocks like a human

figure visible across the valley. But the man cared nothing for wild vegetation. Even under a blue sky he preferred to imagine the poppies; on this gray morning his attitude was of a parent dutifully escorting a child to some display that left him cold. The higher we went, the farther we left loveliness behind, and the gloomier was his spirit. My sympathies were divided. I had seen enough of desolation. It was not savagery in nature that I craved now. For two years I had been longing for the hills,—but pastoral hills with flowers and grass and shadow of maple and scent of pine—not this naked playground of the elements. Yet I remembered the fascination of high altitudes. Diana, coming straight out of civilization, desired the starkness that had once attracted me more than grass lands or forest; and I was with her in her feeling that this obstinate buttress of matter must be defeated at all costs. It requires courage in man or woman to turn one's back on a pass when one has set one's face to it.

As we got into the clouds out of the soaking drizzle, we entered a solid wall of rain. Our tents and bedding were sodden: the fuel we had taken up was barely enough for cooking, and we were to camp above the juniper limit. Everything pointed to a persistent tide of the monsoon. Nevertheless, Diana rode on with a rapt look in her face, happy in the capitulation of the body to the spirit. We waited for the husband under a rock, which instead of sheltering us conspired with the rain in a deluge of waterspouts. Soon he appeared out of the mist. He was unconscious of any challenge. The pass for him was merely a passage from bad to worse—for the "hell" of his imagination was a cold and wet hell, a stony, misty, cheerless hell, in which one was always slipping or ascending. He faced Diana and



asked her in tones charged with emotion to defend her philosophy. Was it flowers she sought? She had left them behind. Was it scenery? You would get as good a view if you put your head into a pail of smoke and water. Was it rheumatism or pneumonia? Here the camp arrived, and added their moans to his declamation. Azizeh declared that only yesterday a man had died on the pass.

Diana said little. Her point of view was that if you were out for a thing you had to take the bad with the good; tomorrow might be fine. Her small and delicate body, poised in the saddle as she leaned against the wind searching vainly for some physical argument to back her moral one, implied a lack of sporting instinct in the man who took his thwackings so badly. But this was illogical. The man's mind pivoted on the dry rock of common-sense; the question of victory or defeat had not entered his head; it was a question of an existence of relative sanity below the clouds, or a week in hell for fourteen human beings and as many beasts. Suddenly Diana yielded—to his misery rather than his persuasion. Whereupon the man became the spur, fearing her after-scorn. He swore by the gods that he would "stick it out," that he would go on and "see it through." But the woman swung her pony's head downhill. In a moment she was descending, he ascending and crying out "I am going on. I am going on." I stood between.

My sympathies were with Diana. It was hard on her that she had not been born a boy; she looked one; in her breeches she reminded me of half a dozen young subalterns that I knew. Her relations, men and women, had shot, wandered, collected, and climbed all over the world—yet for eleven months in the year her business was with babies. As the man's voice became fainter in the mist I feared a

permanent breach, but I knew neither her nor him, nor the foundations on which this frail superstructure of antagonism was built.

Diana consenting, I mounted and pursued the man, but he would not return at first, thinking that I was her messenger and accomplice, and playing a part. He pictured the ghost of Diana's thwarted desires sitting between them at meals in after years. But I repeated his own sentiments—which I now shared—with such conviction that he warmed to me. The excelsior business, we agreed, was insanity. These monsoon currents generally lasted ten days. Especially do they dog one with a persistent hate, after a long unnatural interval of calm such as we had enjoyed in the July of 1917. We should not be able to see a yard in front of our faces, or to warm or dry ourselves at night; and the men would grouse all the while, and probably die or go sick out of spite. If it were Lhasa or Mecca, or Rima or Bagdad, or the Brahmaputra falls, it might be worth it,—but a few dirty little lakes a bare three marches from Gulmarg. Thus basely did I profane Diana's Elysian fields behind her back.

So we descended, and to our joy the clouds rolled down behind us in pursuit, gathering in volume. If there had been any break or truce in them during the next few days, it would have been an irony that two of us could ill have borne.

In the evening we were camped on a spur between two margs, where the roots of the pines gave us dry ground. We kept an enormous fire blazing in the shade, where we could warm ourselves and dry our tents, and beds, and clothes. The smoke, a little bluer than the mist, hung over the Goojars' camp in the dip to the left, where they were cooking their meal on the yellow ragwort carpet. The rain ceased to

pelt, but above and below us we could watch the sallies and hesitations of the storm and the clouds. A torrent thundered on our right, for a long time concealed until the curtain lifted slowly, unveiling the forest and the marg above it where the round patches of juniper recalled the dark-green house-leek growing on gray lichenized tiles. The clouds rose higher, until a section of the main range was exposed under an arch of sky. We saw that we were camped under Tatakuti (15,500 feet), a bold rock peak with a single band of snow bisecting it under a protecting buttress. For a moment we had a suspicion that it was going to clear, but the curtain fell again, rolling down the hill with a stage-like finality that reassured us. Far away to the North and East over the valley of Kashmir there was a sunlit patch of sky, which broadened and glittered and called us down to the plain. As it grew dark Diana and I watched the mountains anxiously and looked up at the bank of clouds, fearing a break in the gray. So long as the sullen canopy was spread over the hills, we knew that it had been God's veto and not the man's.

The night was still and heavy, but rainless. The sweet homely scent of wet elder entered our tents. The pines pierced the black roof of the sky over the camp fire, beautiful mysterious dark columns merging into a vaguer blackness. We boiled our coffee, and smoked our pipes and cigarette, and basked in the blaze. The man and I talked. He told me some of his spiritual adventures. He too had been a wanderer, not in the mountains but in cities and plains—in Turkey, Italy, and Greece, and the isles of the Ægean—unearthing antiquities, deciphering manuscripts, checking the inaccuracies of Strabo in Anatolia, a guest of the monks at Athos, reviling the declivity and the fleas. Oreophobia

was a disease with him. The mountains were for animals, he said; he liked his flowers tame; and there was a dearth of interest in ground unconsecrated by man. Above all, he hated gradients that would not submit to wheels. The woman spoke once or twice, addressing him as "As-is-easier," her adaptation in the comparative degree of the name of Azizeh, the tiffin-coolie, who always chose the easier part. The man admitted a common Horatian sentiment shared with this philosopher. "Video meliora proboque," he quoted, "deteriora sequor." Diana doubted the seeing and approving of either; the downhill bias, she thought, was very apt. She quoted. "The Grammarian's Funeral." Each was the complement of the other, so there could be no rift.

The talk veered back to Athos, and thence to fleas,—the man was sent to see that the pony-men had not put the pack-saddles under her bed,—Greek fleas, Kashmir fleas, Greek and Kashmir wine, Greek degeneracy, the beauty of Greek and Kashmir women, the beauty of women in Gulmarg. Diana was silent, but palpably happy and reconciled. When at midnight she turned into her tent she scanned the heavens and murmured thankfully, "Not a star."

In spite of our investment by the clouds we enjoyed life in our camp on the ridge between the two margs. I was content, because we were camping in a cool green place thousands of miles from the desert, and the smell of a pinewood fire invaded my tent. The man was happy because he had his books and he had not got to move, and Diana was happy because she had found some rare orchids and lousewort under the pines and had painted half a dozen unfamiliar species into her Himalayan diary, which had reached its fifth volume, and which was made

up of illustrations with nothing written in it except the names of the flowers and when and where they grew. She had the necessary love and cunning for this work, and each of her volumes was worth fifty collections of dead plants.

But after two days and nights in the mist we plunged like sun-worshippers down the mountain-side on to the plateau a thousand feet above the Jhelum valley, where the villages nestle in the folded bases of the hills embowered in trees, where every stream is a willow avenue and most garden walls a screen of slender white poplars, where brooks race through flowery meadows and the edges of the fields are borders of balsam, larkspur, and scabious. We came down through the forest into English flowers and English summer weather, into a clime where neither the sun nor the clouds had it all their own way, but where, as in Davidson's poem, the sun was adventurous, and the clouds scattered largesses of rain, and the generous issue of it was seen in the trees and crops and flowers.

The villages we came to, lying mostly in the dips of the plateau on the banks of streams, are not on a path that leads anywhere. One would only enter them, flying from the hills as we did, plunging down into the plain by any haphazard route. Our sudden appearance sent the children flying into the corn; the women took cover, or hid their faces; the men regarded us as a passing show. The whole country was fat and fruitful. There were orchards and little water-mills everywhere. In many of the villages there were Ziarats, or graves of Muhammadan saints, often a simple hummock in a stone enclosure like a pound, shadowed by a great chenar with a heronry in its boughs and a jackdaw's nest in its bole; sometimes a two-storied house, with fretted and painted windows, and

hanging eaves also fretted, the upper floor cleared for prayer, and the roof a garden of irises, as are all flat roofs in Kashmir. The villagers' houses have the roofs of English barns. They are the most purely pastoral houses I know—half-granary, half byre, two- or three-storied. The third, and sometimes the second story, supported by beams and pillars of brick, reveal the hoarded gleanings of the year stored in gigantic Ali Baba jars of fireclay, seven feet high, reaching from the floor almost to the ceiling. The story below the fowls share with the husbandman, the wife, the distaff, the teeming progeny; and under them, on the ground floor, are the cows. These high thatched roofs, with their open lofts and granaries, are visible for miles among the generous spreading chenars.

The country was so rich and flowery and fruitful that even Diana, who had come out to conquer solitudes, was content. The man fell under the spell of ordered, communal life. He pointed to pumpkins and crops and a row of hollyhocks in a village, flowers that had been planted with intention by the owner of the house. Diana smiled at his awakened interest in plants, at his preference for the man-fed product.

"I believe you'd prefer a pumpkin to a gentian," she said.

The man defended the claims of the pumpkin with Aristotelian logic. He admitted that the gentian was a stranger to him, but he made a good case for the vegetable. Then he said that he liked wild flowers, but that "it spoiled them knowing their names," and Diana and I were down on him like a ton of bricks. A lover of flowers, yet not interested in them enough to distinguish their names! A man who was content with humanity in the bulk might as well call himself a lover of people.

Flowers, Diana argued, like people are endeared to us by their ways, their oddities, their personalities, their habits. It is impossible to enjoy them without knowing their names. She pointed to a meadow by a stream. "Just flowers," she remarked scornfully. "A pleasing blotch of color to the eye. No soul or individuality in them."

The man repeated that he was content with the general effect. It was "distinctly decorative." To him all the associations of texture, touch, habit, fragrance went for nothing. Diana, as she rode past, was aware of the downiness of the mullein, the musk-like smell that dwells in the stalk of the giant inula and issues like a protest if you bruise it, the virginal shrinking delicacy in flower and seed of the balsam—the seed that will spring from you like a grasshopper at the lightest touch of the finger. The smell and touch of these flowers afforded her delightful intimacies. The man saw the yellow mass of buttercups, potentil, St. John's-wort, as one sees humanity in a crowd, unindividualized, whether brown, white or yellow. Diana could tell at a hundred yards that the buttercup which chose that particularly marshy soil by the stream would be very erect, and would have spear-shaped leaves growing up the stalk, unlike other buttercups; she knew that if she held up the St. John's-wort to the sky she would see the blue through a thousand little perforations in the leaf, only if the stalk were square and not round, the leaf would be opaque; and she knew the ways of the scarlet potentilla (*Nepalensis*), the loveliest eye in the meadow which has shades one finds in the raiment of saints in stained-glass windows, and sometimes in the skirt of a Kashmiri woman, but rarely in other flowers. She picked one with white at the base of the petals. This she

knew was only an expression of individual mood, and had nothing to do with families or species. "Just like *Nepalensis*."

Diana returned to the analogy of flowers and people. Fancy going through life and thinking of men and women, if one thought of them separately at all, by a vague descriptive formula. "You don't want to know their names," she said to the man. "You might say the same about people and pretend you cared for them. Besides, the names themselves are beautiful." And she reminded him of an early infatuation. "Fancy, if you wanted to recall Daphne, speaking of her as 'that plump girl with the engaging freckles and the corn-colored hair that I took into dinner at X's!'"

All day long the truth of Diana's argument was borne in upon me. It might be literally accurate, but it would be spiritually untrue to say that—to Diana's senses—the rose would smell as sweet by another name. Certainly the thyme and willow-herb and meadowsweet would lose half their fragrance under an alias. And color would fade, too, without the intimacy that names suggest. I agreed with Diana that even the Latin names of flowers are beautiful and suggestive. Yet one is sometimes taxed with pedantry for being familiar with them. What could be better than *Impatiens noli me tangere* for the balsam? Who could be indifferent to *Circæa*, the enchanter's nightshade, when it has been pointed out to him by name, or the *Chrysosplenium* in the bed of the mountain stream? There are dainty, modest, inconspicuous flowers whose individuality would be unremembered or forgotten altogether without their Latin name.

The man missed much in the mere associations which flowers evoke in the same way as music and smells. He did

not know that he had been stumbling through Daphne in the forest all the way down from the camp on the marg. And now, as we descended farther into the plain, we met the homely water-flowers that grow in the bed or on the banks of every English stream—meadowsweet, loosestrife, arrowhead, water-plantain, even Butomus, the flowering rush. The bows of his boat must often have nosed them on the Isis and the Cher, but he was greeted by no familiar spirits blowing their elfin horns, waking echoes, conjuring up the old haunts, the old delights, the old desires.

Other voices were calling him. As we descended, the man became a thruster, a pioneer. He was the engine now, not the brake. He hustled the servants, and blew impatient shrill blasts on his whistle summoning the Goojars to strike camp. He loosened the tent pegs and lent a hand at loading the ponies. He was for long marches and early starts. His companions were provokingly, maliciously dilatory. On the last morning he almost pulled the tent about Diana's ears as she was painting an uncommon balsam in her diary.

Gulmarg received us under a sky still mercifully leaden and forbidding, emphatic in its veto. We arrived sodden and content. We had been wise—we had sought the sun where we could find it; and now that it was nowhere to be found, we were back again by a log fire under a roof. In the Blackwood's Magazine.

last march Diana had found more flowers than she could paint in two days; the man's spirits had risen as he forsook the vertical for the horizontal; but I was probably the best content of the three. After Mesopotamia I desired Arcadia, and the bad weather had driven us down into the haunts of pastoral peace. It was like a plunge from Nietzsche to Theocritus, and we had camped among the only people I had met since 1914 who were not destroying, or directly or indirectly aiding destruction, or mending what others destroyed, who were not even aware of the disease of war.

The man and I had fallen into the pre-Georgian way of looking at peaks—he because of their associations with discomfort, I because I did not find in them the true and perfect antithesis of Mesopotamia. The antithesis of outline and feature was not enough. I craved for the antithesis of spirit, not merely a vertical instead of a flat desolation. Bare mountain-tops will never appear frightful and depressing again as they did to our ancestors. Yet among the changes wrought by the war in the human spirit there may come a preference for the sylvan and pastoral upper places. We loved wildness when there was peace, and sought it. Now we have had our fill of savagery, it will not be strange if a bias enters our spirit and turns us from what is wild and wasteful in nature to the old Arcadian haunts of Pan and the shepherds.

*Edmund Candler.*

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## "THEIR HEARTS' DESIRE."

### CHAPTER III.

"You girls made a mistake," said Lawyer Knowles one morning at breakfast—"I thought so at the time, and I said so, I believe—a great mistake and now I hope you will realize it."

He put on his pince-nez and read again a letter from Auntie Naarah written to him, but evidently in answer to one from Mary, in which she had stated that, her old school-fellow having left, she was quite at



liberty to pay her long-looked-forward-to visit to The Hermitage. It ran as follows:

The Hermitage, Tussocks.

My dear Nephew,—Mary need not trouble. At present I am quite comfortable with the young woman you sent me. I find her very quiet and biddable

The weather is very bad, and I am not feeling as well as I should like. But what can one expect at my age with so much rain and cold winds? This house is very damp in the autumn. Jean, too, has got a troublesome cough.—Believe me, your affectionate aunt,

Naarah Knowles.

Ellen peeped inquiringly round the coffee-urn. "What is wrong, dear Herbert?" she asked a little anxiously.

"And where did we make a mistake?" put in Priscilla pertly.

"If you meant about Miss Brooke, Herbert," said Mary, "I think we managed very well."

"You *think!*" cried Herbert witheringly.

They had all thought so—all the girls, that is. Certainly Herbert had not seemed to appreciate being robbed of his typist. But then his reluctance had only made the sisters feel more convinced of the wisdom of their suggestion. If he *had* any leanings towards her, it was such a good idea to get her away; and once she was out of the office and the estimable substitute from the Y. W. C. A. in her place, what was to prevent the arrangement, so far as the exchange of typists was concerned, from being permanent?

"Read this," said Herbert shortly. He passed the letter to Ellen as the eldest. "Read it out," he added.

Ellen complied. There was a momentary dismayed silence as she finished.

"Auntie Naarah certainly seems hurt," said Ellen.

"I don't wonder," retorted her brother. "Just after I had taken so much pains and trouble about her will, too. It is very annoying."

"Oh, well, she's *made* it, Herbert," said Priscilla comfortingly.

"Yes; but there's nothing to hinder her altering it or making another," said Lawyer Knowles crossly.

"Still, dear Herbert, I hardly think that likely," said Ellen. "And it upset her so to do this, didn't it?"

"It upset her—yes," agreed Herbert moodily; but he thought with some uneasiness of the French proverb, "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.*" It would probably not upset Auntie Naarah so much a second time.

"Quiet and biddable," quoted Priscilla dissatisfiedly. "Miss Brooke is a sly little thing, no doubt. And now Auntie Naarah isn't very well, she'll try her hardest to worm herself still more into her good graces.—*You* ought to have gone, Mary," she concluded, turning to her sister.

"Why couldn't you go?" retorted Mary. "You know I had Stella coming."

"I think, too, Mary, you ought to have gone," said Ellen.

"Oh, of course, it was my fault," snapped Mary.

"That fact is proved," said Herbert coldly. "It was a most unwise proceeding altogether." He meditated a moment, then said, shuffling his letters and papers together, "The only thing I can think of is for me to run down to Tussocks and bring Miss Brooke back."

"My dear Herbert!" cried Ellen.

"Give me the time-table, Priscilla." He looked at his watch. "I could go to the office, and get off by the 12.30 to London. It's awkward." He ran his eye quickly over the time-table, "And there's no train back till the 6.20 this evening from Tussocks. I sha'n't get back till late."

Visions of the inadvisability of

Herbert's traveling alone with his typist at such an unhallowed hour as it would be before they could arrive at Crabtree filled all the sisters' minds simultaneously. It was altogether a most awkward situation. If Herbert fetched Miss Brooke back, she would return to his office forthwith, and then that danger—the ever-lurking danger, to their minds—of Herbert's falling in love, and so unsuitably, would be to the fore again.

Their fears, as it happened, were quite unnecessary. Herbert was too cold-blooded, too wrapped up in himself, ever to fall in love; and as he was comfortably off, and had great expectations, he would naturally, if ever he did bring himself to marry, choose some one who had money.

Yet, if Miss Brooke stayed on at The Hermitage indefinitely, there was the other greater danger that she might, as Priscilla suggested, worm her way into Auntie Naarah's testamentary favor. It was a case of Scylla and Charybdis. But to their minds one thing was certain—it would not do even if Miss Brooke was to be recalled, for Herbert to fetch her. Suppose any of their friends saw them together, any of the Crabtree people, what would they think? At the best, they would say that Herbert was engaged to his typist.

"I don't think, dear Herbert," said Ellen, "that it would do for you to go. It would—well—perhaps it would look rather funny."

Herbert's sallow complexion got a dull red. "Look funny?" he repeated. But, like his sisters, he thought a good deal of those fetishes of the weak—what people would think, and how it would look.

"Why shouldn't Mary go?" said Priscilla. "She would have been going on her visit if it hadn't been for this, and Miss Brooke could come back by herself."

"Capital, Pris!" cried Ellen. She

felt that her sister was a Daniel come to judgment. "The very thing. Mary must go."

Mary looked as if she did not relish the idea.

"Of course, I must be the scape-goat," she said.

Herbert, however, seemed loath to give up his own suggestion. But in the end, as is usually the case in a man's own house, his womenkind triumphed. Few men have the courage to brave feminine opinion (under their own roof, at any rate)—unfortunately for the characters of both.

Mary was to go. And a very cross Mary went to pack her things forthwith, while a very much injured Herbert strode off to his office. The other two sisters alternately bemoaned their attempts to play the *deus ex machina*, and assured themselves that it would be all right.

"Far better for Mary to see Auntie Naarah," they said. "So much more satisfactory than writing." They sent Mary off primed with adjurations to keep her temper, and to express penitence for having unwittingly annoyed Auntie Naarah.

"It will be all right," said Ellen placidly, as Mary's train steamed out of the station. "And I have just been thinking we might get Miss Brooke a post as typist at the V. A. D. Hospital. I believe I heard another one was wanted."

The inmates of The Chain House were wrapped in slumber that night when they were roused by a loud and persistent knocking and ringing at the front door. Hastily attiring themselves, the whole family hurried downstairs, and the front-door being opened, Mary, tired, almost distraught, staggered into the hall.

There was a chorus of "Mary! Whatever has happened? Why have you come back?"

Mary dropped her portmanteau with a thud on the linoleum-covered floor.

"I couldn't get a fly," she almost cried. "It was too late." She felt overwhelmed with having been out in the dark streets alone at night!

"But—but what about Auntie Naarah? Hasn't she forgiven you?" cried Ellen.

"For Heaven's sake, speak, Mary!" said Priscilla, almost pushing her sister into the dining-room.

"She's about knocked up," said Herbert. "Get her a glass of wine, Pris." Then, as Mary, sipping the wine, revived somewhat, "Now, take your time; tell us quietly," he said in his most judicial tones. "Why did you come back to night?"

"Because Auntie Naarah was gone," sobbed Mary.

"Gone!" For an instant Lawyer Knowles's heart leaped exultingly. Gone! Dead—before she could play any monkey tricks with her will! "Do you mean *dead*?" he asked, trying to speak concernedly.

Mary shook her head. "No; gone away. When I got to Tussocks, and drove to The Hermitage, I found the garden gate padlocked and the house all shut up. The cabman got over the fence, but the place was shuttered and barred, and there was no sign of life."

She dabbed her eyes.

"Mary, you must eat this," interposed Priscilla, coming in with some bread and meat; "then you'll feel better.—Won't she, Herbert? Jam? No, I don't think Mary wants jam.—Do you, dear?"

"I didn't say, *Jam*," retorted Herbert fiercely, adding, "Auntie Naarah has clean bolted."

"And Miss Brooke with her," said Ellen.

Priscilla gave a gasp of dismay; she could not speak.

"Didn't you make inquiries?" said

Herbert to the returned traveler. "You've got a tongue. Didn't you use it? Where has Auntie Naarah gone?"

"I don't know," replied Mary, almost choking over a piece of bread, after her long fast. "I asked at the station and at the general shop, but they could only tell me they'd all gone away. No one knew where. She took tickets for London."

The grotesque-looking trio, in their unbecoming *deshabille*, exchanged dismayed glances. Auntie Naarah taking a journey, which was always an ordeal for her unless she had some pressing reason! It was inexplicable!

"You may depend," said Priscilla sagely, "that Miss Brooke is at the bottom of it. She is a designing girl, I believe."

"She is nothing of the sort," said Herbert stanchly.

When will women realize that the surest way to enlist a man's sympathies for a woman is to speak against her?

"Well, there is nothing to be done tonight," said Ellen.

"I'll telephone to Twitty in the morning," said her brother; "though I don't apprehend Auntie Naarah will have called there. However, we have no need to be uneasy," he added. "Auntie Naarah has Miss Brooke with her, if not Jean."

"Yes," sniffed Priscilla.

"They may all be murdered," said Ellen ominously.

"Well, of course, in that case there is nothing we can do," replied Herbert.

The morning, though it gave no solution to the astonishing disappearance of Auntie Naarah, at least moderated her kinsfolk's anxiety. She had not been to Lincoln's Inn Fields, which was the great thing. They could only wait now.

The solution came in a day or two in a letter from Miss Brooke for

Auntie Naarah, written from a boarding-house at Torquay. It dwelt, rather tantalizingly, on the delightful change from Tussocks, the balmy air and sunshine, and the enjoyment of the Winter Gardens and such-like entertainments. Entertainments! When Auntie Naarah would never spend a penny on such extravagance! They were very comfortable, lived plainly but well, and the company, including a minister whom Auntie Naarah seemed to enjoy chatting with, was very pleasant.

At the end of Eva Brooke's epistle was a postscript in Auntie Naarah's mean, giggling calligraphy, which stated that she would probably be staying a week or two at Torquay; but on her return to The Hermitage she would be glad to see Mary, her other nieces following in due course, as she felt she had, under the circumstances, a right to their society.

"There, see what you have missed, Mary," said Priscilla. "Torquay this weather—delightful!—concerts—cheerful society."

There was no need to enlarge on the advantages her sister had missed. Mary was bitterly disappointed. However, she declared, that if she had gone to Tussocks, Auntie Naarah would never have gone to Torquay. It was all Miss Brooke's doing.

"Well," said Herbert, who looked rather disquieted, "Miss Brooke will soon be back in my office, out of harm's way."

"But, dear Herbert," protested Ellen, "I hoped—that is, I thought that nice girl from the Y. W. C. A. might take her place."

"Girl! She's an old fool," growled Herbert. "Can't spell even, and cries if I speak about her shortcomings. No. It's been very awkward for me without Miss Brooke, and it is a great pity Mary ever suggested her going."

The two elder sisters agreed, and in

consequence Mary was obliged to be an unwilling disciple of the Trappist monks in the matter of silence for the next few days, for, there being no neutral, she could not hold communication as usual on these occasions.

Meanwhile at Torquay the two ladies whose movements had caused so much uneasiness were having a good time. Auntie Naarah had chosen a boarding-house in the least expensive situation, but even then she felt a pang when she thought of the double expense of her companion and herself. Still, it was the first time for untold years that she had been away. If it had not been that Jean had shown signs of being knocked up, and declared she must have a holiday, however, it is doubtful whether her mistress would have left home. But Jean gone would mean expense and annoyance with charwomen, and Auntie Naarah did not feel equal to that.

As for Eva Brooke, Torquay, even with the leaven of Auntie Naarah's fidgety presence, was an agreeable change after her nephew's office, and it was made more interesting for her by the numbers of wounded soldiers there. She could not resist the temptation of buying cigarettes for them, though it required a great screwing up of courage before she dared offer them. However, after the first two or three times it became easier, and the poor fellows were most of them so grateful.

Auntie Naarah was rather horrified at first by a proceeding that in her young days would have been considered unmaidenly in the extreme. But if she had a soft spot in her hard nature it was towards soldiers, and she contented herself with merely chiding Miss Brooke's extravagance. "You spend all your money on tobacco," she observed disapprovingly one day when Eva had been distributing largely, "and it's waste—gone in a few mo-

ments; and what is there to show for it?"

"Still, it gives the poor fellows enjoyment while it lasts," replied Eva, "and I don't grudge my last penny to do that."

"Oh, that's talking nonsense," was the crushing reply.

"Think what they have done for us, Miss Knowles," retorted Eva warmly. "Riskyed their lives, endured untold hardships, come back halt and maimed. Why, there's nothing too good for them!" she added vehemently

"Oh, well, of course, one feels grateful," said Auntie Naarah.

One of the "permanent" inmates of the cheap boarding-house used to visit at the Red Cross hospital. She asked Auntie Naarah's permission to take Eva with her once. It was given, and Eva returned full of her visit.

"The poor fellows!" she cried with tears in her eyes. "Such long rows of beds—and some of the boys looking so ill—and all so patient. Oh, Miss Knowles! it makes one realize a little what an awful thing war is."

Auntie Naarah nodded, and the lady visitor asked if *she* would not go next day.

Auntie Naarah shook her head. She did not think that her nerves could stand it. However, after all, she was persuaded, and went. It was a sight she never forgot. All her natural life she had been centered on herself and her own health, her money, and how to save it. But somehow, as she walked on tiptoe down the long ward, past the one or two bad cases where the beds were screened from the public gaze, watched by so many pairs of eyes—eyes that had a look in them which told of what the owners had gone through—the eyes of men who had faced death, seen their comrades killed beside them, been through hell—she felt that nothing else mattered.

The lady who was conducting them

halted presently. "I should like you to speak to my special favorite," she whispered. "Such a nice boy."

Auntie Naarah nodded. She felt she would be glad to get away from the sight of pain and sickness, away from the atmosphere of disinfectants, but she would go through with it.

"Now," said the cicerone, stopping at a bed where a young soldier was sitting up, turning over the pages of a magazine with his left hand, "I've brought a new friend to see you this afternoon."

The young man looked up with a bright smile, which suddenly changed to one of surprised recognition. "*Miss Knowles!*" he cried.

Auntie Naarah stood as if she had been turned to stone, staring at the occupant of the bed, speechless, hardly believing the evidence of her eyes.

"Do you know Miss Knowles?" asked Eva, surprised.

"I should think so," was the quick response.

"Edward Strachan!" gasped Auntie Naarah. "You here!"

A sister who was passing looked at the gaunt woman, and pointed to a chair. "Won't you sit down?" she said.

Auntie Naarah subsided weakly into a chair by the bed. "*You here!*" she repeated.

"Yes. I was wounded almost as soon as I got out," replied Edward Strachan cheerfully; "but I'm much better, and going to be allowed out in the grounds tomorrow."

"But—but"—Auntie Naarah's distressed gaze was fixed on an empty sleeve—"you've lost your arm."

"Yes. Rotten luck, wasn't it? But I've got another," was the cheery reply.

"Your *right* arm," continued Auntie Naarah.

"Yes—but I've come back," said Edward Strachan meaningly, and his smile faded as he thought of some of



his comrades who would never come back.

"How are you going to get your living with only one arm?" queried Auntie Naarah, the unwonted tears trickling down her long nose.

"I shall learn to use the other, Miss Knowles," said the young man. "I shall manage all right. Don't you worry about me."

"I think perhaps Miss Knowles had better come away now," said the lady who was responsible for her visit; "she seems rather upset."

"Oh, don't hurry," said Edward; but he looked at Eva as he spoke.

Auntie Naarah wiped her eyes. "You never told me you were wounded, Edward," she said half-reproachfully.

Edward explained that he had sent a card from the hospital, but he didn't want to worry her before. He should be all right soon.

Soon after the visitors took their departure, Edward promising to return the call on the first opportunity.

"I am afraid it was rather a shock  
Chambers's Journal.

(To be concluded.)

Isabel Smith.

## CLEMENCEAU.

For over a year past I had been telling my French friends "You will have to have Clemenceau," and was derided by almost all. Briand was governing, with the honeyed words and the mind that sees both ways; then the grand old gentleman Ribot, who had signed the Franco-Russian Alliance; then the great mathematician Painlevé, a child in the Chamber, innocent in the world also, it seemed. Through it all, or at least most of the time, Malvy at the marvelous Ministry of the Interior that moves so many underground wires, curious, incomprehensible Malvy, who only looks like the Sea-green Incorruptible, and behind him (we all suppose) Caillaux,

to you, Miss Knowles," said the lady, giving Auntie Naarah her arm as they walked away from the hospital.

"It was. The young man's father was a dear friend of mine," replied Auntie Naarah.

"Ah!" murmured her new friend sympathetically. "He is a fine fellow," she added warmly.

Edward Strachan was soon to be seen walking along the sea-front or sitting in shelters, sometimes alone, sometimes with a companion from the hospital.

Auntie Naarah and Eva Brooke were sure to see him in their walks, and more than once he had tea with them at a café. Once he had the temerity to share the formal tea in the stuffy drawing-room of the boarding-house, an object of keen interest and sympathy from the many elderly ladies there. But his most cherished moments were when he happened to meet Eva *without* Auntie Naarah innocently making the unwanted "third wheel of the cart."

and underneath, burrowing molelike, patiently, the *Bonnet Rouge*, and Almereyda, and Bolo, and Turmel of the Swiss banknotes, and Duval of the Swiss check, and pacifists and defeatists and traitors, while the real France was at Verdun: specks of vermin trying to worm their way in.

But they had to be got rid of. A year ago when I went about Paris saying "You will have to have Clemenceau," everyone said: "Clemenceau? Impossible! Never! He can't be depended on. Ah, if we had a Lloyd George!" Three months ago, when everyone knew Painlevé must go out, everyone said: "Yes, Clemenceau. Of course, it must be Clemenceau."

He was borne on a wave of opinion there could be no resisting. He had spoken out and written out, had said the short, sharp things about the vermin of defeatism. But that was not all, for others had said the right things too. It was more than that, his star had risen suddenly, the people suddenly believed in Clemenceau. At six weeks over seventy-six he was suddenly given the greatest chance a man can have. He has taken it bravely, too. "I am almost afraid to think what is expected of me," he said in the Chamber in his first speech there for over eight years, and there was a courage in the old man's tremor that gave one a start to hear and see.

He came back to a Chamber that hardly knew him and half of which he had never seen. The wonderful old man was easily first at once in debate. Poor Albert Thomas (excellent latterly as Minister of Munitions, but no debater) was nowhere with his "*Thothtiét des Nathions*." Clemenceau, at the tribune, which is so admirably convenient for talking at people, was at every moment "right there." Every moment except one, by the way, for he had one lapse into his old fatal flippancy, almost a Quilpish kink in him. If he did win the war he hoped there would be a vote of censure passed on him, just for the beauty of the thing. This is the sort of joke you must not make in France now. I was reminded for a moment of the old perverse Clemenceau, the gleeful Clemenceau who said in the Church and State debates, "I am in incoherency; it was not I who put myself there, *j'y suis, j'y reste*"; the amazing Clemenceau who in July, 1909, was thrown out of office because in a Chamber duel with Deleassé he actually told him at last, "You humbled France, I never did." But it was only a moment. The House groaned a little, but only for a moment.

Clemenceau saw it in a flash and was instantly in the right note again.

"Voltairean," Maurice Barrès said afterwards, and was quite right. Clemenceau is not an orator and has no eloquent rhetoric in debate, though when he writes he can work up to effective grandiloquence. His speaking style is almost as pruned, precise, and sharp as Voltaire's writing. He has the same damning irony serving the same deadly realism. His passage upon the Society of Nations was very pretty. It does not bear reading over, it is just a flash in debate, it is Voltaire's style transposed into talk, but it went beautifully. Three-quarters of the House delighted in his quick little picture (spoken nineteen to the dozen) of the Society of Nations, just precisely at this very moment being drawn up by eminent gentlemen at the Quai d'Orsay—Léon Bourgeois, Ernest Lavisse, Léon Renault. He promised solemnly (turning to the Unified Socialists and without the ghost of a smile) to lay their labors when completed immediately before the House, if he were then still in power, which was very unlikely. "The Society of Nations (the wily old debater abruptly changed his manner) is what you want (talking now fiercely at the Socialists); what will it mean without Germany in it? I for one will not let Germany in. You will let her in on what guarantees? Ask Belgium." He was talked to also about arbitration. He knew all about that. It was he himself who sent Léon Bourgeois to The Hague to sign Conventions which the Germans had for three years past been engaged in violating. He was asked about war aims. His war aim was to win the war.

The imperious, vivacious, but cool old man threw the short, quick sentences out with scarcely any gestures except a shrug or an outspreading of the hands to call witness to the

absurdity of opinions opposed to his own fierce common sense. A Socialist or two (they were marvelously quiet for them, and that was one of Clemenceau's biggest hits) interrupted. "One of the benefits of old age is that one gets deaf," he snapped out.

Caillaux and Clemenceau—that was a tragic moment. Clemenceau was speaking of crimes against France. They would be tried in the proper courts; there were judicial tribunals and political tribunals (i.e., the Senate sitting as High Court). "Et Caillaux?" shouted a voice. Caillaux's seat, four or five benches up in the amphitheater is in a line about W.N.W. of the tribune. Clemenceau, who had been speaking to the benches in front of the tribune, turned round to his left, still speaking, and gazed at Caillaux. Caillaux, violently flushed, started half out of his seat three times, his right hand just raised. Clemenceau still gazed at him. Would Caillaux intervene? He sat back for the third time, and Clemenceau, still looking his way, went on speaking, saying that whatever he did as a journalist, as Chief of the Government he would mention no names. For those seconds all eyes watched Caillaux. I don't know what would have happened if he had intervened. The old Tiger looked very nasty.

As a journalist Clemenceau had accused Caillaux of "defeatism" and Malvy of having "betrayed the interests of France." That is the immediate reason why Clemenceau now is Premier and Minister of War. He has come on a great chance. It had to be a great one for Poincaré to have at last to call the old foe who in the old peace days was rather absurdly truculent and likened Poincaré daily to Nero, I believe, and I am not sure it wasn't Caligula. He has come thrust by public opinion and by

trench opinion. Clemenceau, shrewdly, and patriotically, and pluckily, had long canvassed the trenches. There "C'est un Monsieur" ("priceless old chap"), and there his taking of the helm has been toasted in dug-outs. As Chairman of the Senate Army Committee he was often at the Front, like a mere journalist, and he refused to go solemnly as Senator, but took just a journalist's chances. He stood once looking down on a heap of French dead. The shells were falling near him, the Staff Officer wanted to move him on. "My old carcass? What an end it would be." And he stood looking long at the young dead.

He may have an even greater end. If he does lead France to victory, what a career his will have been. If he fails, he goes down to history as a failure. One does not wonder at his being afraid to think what is expected of him. If he succeeds, what a career! At sixty-five the old Cabinet-breaker for the first time a Cabinet Minister, Prime Minister a few months later for three years; at seventy-six called by the nation to be Prime Minister now. At fifty-two, after twenty-two years of political strife and of enjoying Parisian life, hounded out of political life, then turning to philosophy and the letters of *Les Jeunes* (*Le Grand Pan*, *La Mêlée Sociale*), then journalist in *Le Bloc*, written only by himself, and in *l'Aurore* of Dreyfusard fame. In 1902 he came back to Parliament, this time in the Senate, for the same Department of the Var for which he had sat for eight years in the Chamber and where his Parliamentary career seemed to have been wrecked in 1893, because he was an "agent of perfidious Albion," and was routed with cries of "Oh, yes." Four years later he was Cabinet Minister for the first time, and the same year became Prime Minister for three years. And in 1908 Germany, over an affray about the

Foreign Legion at Casablanca, demanded an apology from France. The Prime Minister of France refused an apology. Germany just gave in, for  
The Fortnightly Review.

the first and last time till now, under the third French Republic. Clemenceau did that. Will he have a yet greater end?

*Laurence Jerrold.*

### ON A CERTAIN KIND OF WAR.

Gustav Frenssen, author of the fine novel "Holyland," which once won the admiration of English readers, and himself a native of the homeland of those Anglo-Saxons who achieved the only Germanic invasion of England, has narrated a significant personal incident. "When I was once in a central German town," he said, "I met an English lady who was born in England of entirely English parentage. All the time I was in the room with her I was quietly wondering how it was that this Englishwoman, in her face, in her speech, and especially in certain movements of her head and hands, resembled one of my father's sisters who lived in the simplest fashion in her village home. When I left the gathering with friends and told them my remarkable observation, I learned that this lady had said to them how wonderfully I resembled an uncle of hers. If this was no chance we have here," Frenssen comments, "an intimate racial resemblance propagated through some fifteen hundred years, or fully forty generations."

We now conceive of human life in Europe as extending back so many hundreds of thousands of years that the date of only forty generations ago when the Saxons, those "Germanest of Germans," as Steinhausen, the historian of German culture, calls them, reached our island to make so deep a mark, seems but as yesterday. Nor is that by any means the only example of the deep mixture of European races which binds together in one family group the peoples who

today look upon one another as bitter opponents. The thoughtful observer is continually brought up against the absurdity of war under such conditions, though we can never forget that such absurdity is the obverse of tragedy.

Yet we have no right to protest. We ourselves mould Fate, and Man is his own star. We are not entitled to pray that the cup we ourselves fashioned shall pass from us until we have drained its dregs. It is thousands of years since, with infinite patience and skill, we began, in the later Stone Age, to devise the mechanism of war and created those means to do ill-deeds which have so often made ill-deeds done. In the remarkable prologue to his "Metamorphoses"—it may well be enshrining an ancient tradition—Ovid sets forth how the Bronze Age, and still more the later Iron Age, involved an ever-increasing violence in human relationships, and archæological evidence reveals today how deadly a weapon the discovery of these metals placed in the hands of men whose previous stone implements were indeed highly valuable aids to subsistence but no great encouragement to the luxury of warfare among a sparse population. However fantastic the confusion of our belligerency today may be, we have no right to complain.

Three waves at least of human populations have left superimposed strata in our national geology throughout Europe. They are, as we know, the dark long-heads from the South, the tall, fair long-heads from the

North, the round-heads from the East. These three waves have washed their sedimentary deposits all over Europe, so that there is no country in which some elements of all three cannot be traced, while in many, and notably our own, all three are clearly and emphatically represented. We know how perplexing a problem may be conditioned by the mere flux and reflex of nationality, so that, for example, the Alsatian has at some periods been a Frenchman, and at others a German, always a rather French German or a rather German Frenchman, none the worse, probably the better, on that account. But far more intricate and profound are the results of the flux and reflux of these three great stocks which are so much deeper than nationality. The results cannot but be endlessly distressing to the more thoughtful of our intransigent patriots in all the belligerent countries. There is, indeed, no end to the baffling confusions and contradictions which face the honest and pure-hearted patriot in all lands when he looks narrowly into his most sacred national traditions, or contemplates the variegated inherited spots which must sometimes seem to him his own leopard's, not to say leper's skin. How often it happens that we come across some large, tall, fleshy, bullet-headed man, eyes level with face, an indescribable something in expression and even build, marking arrogant contempt for the English crowd around him, and we say to ourselves, "An unmistakable Hun!" Yet he may prove to be quite English, and then we recall that some of our notable patriots look very like that; white English hearts, as they feel themselves, fated to be born in such alien casings. But we may avoid personalities and consider only traditions. Let us turn to Germany. It must be distressing for a patriotic German, accustomed to worship the

large and robust goddess "Germania," to realize that the divine maiden bears a name which, far from being *echt deutsch*, has a meaning which no one is quite sure about, except that it seems in any case trivial, and was certainly imposed by those ancestors of the traitorous Italians who first presented to the world the tribes they vaguely called "Germans." But the French patriot is in no better case. It is difficult for a thoughtfully patriotic Frenchman even to cry "Vive la France!" when he reflects that the Franks, after all, were merely a horde of barbarous Boches, whose proper home lay beyond the Rhine, though he may seek his *revanche* in the fact that that sacred German river bears a name which is not German at all, but, as some German scholars themselves admit, perhaps Celtic. Difficulties are by no means over when we cross the Channel to that country which so far our patriots permit us to call by the atrociously Teutonic name of "England." There may, indeed, be a reason for their remarkable self-restraint in casting out from their eyes such trivial notes as "Berlin Roads" or "German Measles," and refraining to pluck out that gigantic beam of "England." For it is a painful fact that our most uncompromisingly zealous patriots bear patronymics that are only too ostentatiously Teutonic, tarred all over by the "Anglo-Saxon" brush. There is much to do here in whitening these Germanic sepulchres. A small beginning has been made with more recent importations of Teutons who had not been so far-seeing as that Mr. Eltzbacher who, before the war began, took refuge with admirable foresight behind the two old English names of Ellis Barker. The King himself, as we know, democratically, following the example of some of his humblest subjects, changed his name, and thus conspicuously set



over Windsor Castle that reassuring announcement: "The Proprietor of this Shop is British."

These reflections, however melancholy they may be to the ultra-patriot, need not lead us to overlook the central facts of the tremendous situation we have to face. It has been said that the war of today is the great civil war of the human race. If it is meant that this is a war fought by people who share the same blood and the same traditions, people who have been accustomed to live together in amity under the same or similar social rules, then we may well accept the statement. It thus differs from those wars of the past which, though they may have sometimes been conditioned by concealed economic pressure, were often merely the struggles of rival dynasties for great prizes, a sort of perilous game engineered by high-spirited rulers content to operate with small bands of professional troops or mere mercenaries. We always seem to imply however, that a civil war is a particularly deplorable kind of war. Yet, so long as we retain war at all—for it is clearly possible to foresee a better way—civil war is, if we consider the matter, the only almost inevitable and really noble kind of war. For it is civil war that is most likely to be fought from ideal motives and for the sake of great principles. We have but to recall our own wars of King and Parliament, or the American War of North and South. Our war of today may thus be said to be in this also a civil war, that it was inspired at the outset by an exalted idealism, and Germany could inflict on us no such defeat as we should inflict on ourselves by falling to any lower level.

Yet if there is nothing for lamentation or for shame in the motives of this sort of war, there is always an element of failure in the end, and on both sides. That end is, indeed, given

in the beginning of every such war, for when the opponents partake of each other's nature, they necessarily share the failure as well as the success. So far as individuals are concerned it is the failure that is most conspicuously shared. This was seen in our own instructive Civil War of three centuries ago. It becomes clear when we can draw aside the formal veil of history and penetrate to the private lives of the people. Thus, to take an East Anglian middle-class family of that day I chance to be interested in, there were two brothers, the elder, on the side of King and Church, who, after being for many years a Fellow of his College in Cambridge, settled in his comfortable Suffolk rectory; while his brother, leaving College early for the law, became a distinguished judge, and finally a Commissioner of the Privy Seal. Yet while the elder brother was persecuted, despoiled, and driven out of his living to die in idle respected neglect, the younger brother, after leaving London to settle on his estate (when Cromwell's arbitrary methods had revolted his legal mind) disappears entirely at the Restoration; though it is unlikely he shared the fate of his fellow Commissioner who fled to Vevey and was murdered by Royalists, even the tablet set up to his memory by his daughter leaves obscure the date and place of his death. They were on opposed sides, yet alike in the failure of their personal ends. They were typical of the men of that war, and the men of today share a like community of fate, so that one could write the private record for thousands, even hundreds of thousands, in the trenches or at home, and merely leave blank spaces for the names, English names or German names. If we turn from the fate of the men who fight to the fate of the ideas they fought for, we see, again, if we pause to think, that our conventional

notions need revision. Men die, but the ideas they died for live on. It is true. Yet under what strange disguises! In the struggle around Charles II, Shakespeare's world fought against Milton's world and was dashed to pieces, yet Milton's world never replaced it, and instead a few elements of each were combined to make another, more mediocre than either, yet better suited to the men who made it. So, also, in the Civil War of America, men fought for the great idea of the abolition of slavery, and at all events succeeded in substituting new slaveries, economic and social—not to mention that local segregation of the colored population attempted even today—which suited them better, and, it may well be, are better. So that humanity is not merely marking time. The optimist is entitled to believe that the dance of Man may, after all, be like that slow and sacred folk-dance of Furry Day through the main street of Helston, two steps backward and three steps forward, so that in the end the dance is done. It is even so in the pattern of the cosmic sphere of which Man is part, and the planets that circle like kittens pursuing their own tails are still dancing forward through space, on the path of Progress, to an unknown end.

Let us not, therefore, in this most lamentable kind of war, lose sight of the differences between the great ideas which carry men forward and the violences and extravagances which carry men back; for in such a war it is the men who go forward who live, while

*The Nation.*

the others, profaning the cause they profess to honor, are vowed to death, and for them is no place in any saner world to come. We may once again turn back to the record of our old Civil War as set down in the history that was written—by one who had lived through it close to the chief actors—with such a strange, hesitant, incorrect vividness of expression, so attractive because he seems to invent speech while he speaks. Clarendon was a partisan who was also an artist, but, in the gallery of immortal portraits he set up, the partisans and the extremists on either side are forever nailed dead to the walls and move us by no personal appeal. Yet there is one figure there that still seems living—indeed, a modern of our most modern world—whose capacity of brain was matched by the humanity of his heart, the type of the new model of some of our finest young soldiers today, whose high spirit in war has been but the reflection of their high spirit in peace. He was no pacifist, he rejected "peace at any price," and it may be in his rejection of it that phrase was first heard. He fought on the side which seemed in the end to come nearest to his ideals, and he died on the battlefield. Yet in "the very agony of the war," amid the "senseless scandal" and "unreasonable calumny" of fools, he was never ashamed of his "impatience for peace," and "sitting among his friends, often," we are told, "after a deep silence and frequent sighs, would ingeminate the word *Peace, Peace.*"

*Havelock Ellis.*

### THE CLYDE-BUILT CLIPPER.

Many of the fast-sailing clippers which were making fine passages in the Australian wool trade in the 'seventies and onwards were laid up or turned into hulks before the war. Recently, however, several have been re-fitted for sea and are once more doing good service.

A ship there was, and she went to sea  
(Away O, my Clyde-built clipper!)  
In eighteen hundred and seventy-three,

Fine in the lines and keen in the bow,  
The way they've forgotten to build 'em  
now;

Lofty masted and heavily sparred,  
With stunsail booms to every yard,  
And flying kites both high and low  
To catch the winds when they did  
blow

(And away, my Clyde-built clipper!).

Fastest ship on the Colonies run—

(Away O, my racing clipper!)

That was her when her time begun;  
Sixteen knots she could easily do,  
And thirteen knots on a bowline too;  
She could show her heels to anything  
made

With sky-sails set in a favoring trade,  
Or when she was running her easting  
down

From London River to Hobart  
Town

(And away, my racing clipper!).

Old shellbacks knew her near and far

(Away O, my old-time clipper!)

From Circular Quay to Mersey Bar,  
And many a thundering lie they told  
About her runs in the days of old;  
But the time did come and the time  
did go,

And she grew old as we all must  
grow,

And the most of her gear was carried  
away

When caught aback in a gale one day  
(And away, my old-time clipper!).

Here masts were sprung from fore to  
mizen

(Away O, my poor old clipper!)

And freights was poor and dues had  
risen,  
Punch.

And there warn't no sense in rigging  
her new,

So they laid her up for a year or two;  
And there they left her, and there she  
lay,

And there she might have been laying  
today,

But when cargoes are many and ships  
are few

A ship's a ship be she old or new

(And away, my poor old clipper!).

So in nineteen hundred and seventeen

(Away O, my brave old clipper!)

They've rigged her new and they've  
scraped her clean

And sent her to sea in time of war

To sail the seas as she sailed before.

And in nineteen hundred and seventeen  
She's the same good ship as she's always  
been;

Her ribs are as stanch and her hull's  
as sound

As any you'd find the wide world  
round

(And away, my brave old clipper!).

The same as they were when she went  
to sea

(Away O, my Clyde-built clipper!).

In eighteen hundred and seventy-three,  
Fine in the lines and keen in the bow,  
The way they've forgotten to build 'em  
now;

Lofty masted and heavily sparred,

With stunsail booms to every yard.

And flying kites both high and low

To catch the winds when they did  
blow—

(And away, my Clyde-built clipper!).

*C. F. S.*

## THE EDUCABILITY OF A SNAIL.

It has been well established that a common garden-snail can find its way home over difficult country from a distance of six yards or more. Of one that habitually spent the day in a hole

in a garden wall, about four feet from the ground, it is recorded that for months it utilized as a nocturnal ladder a piece of wood sloping from a bed of herbs to near the hole. Darwin men-

tions in *The Descent of Man* the case of two Roman snails, one sickly and the other vigorous, which were placed in an ill-provided garden. The vigorous one went over the wall into the next garden, where food was abundant. It was absent for twenty-four hours, but when suspicion was growing strong that it had deserted its companion, it returned, and after a short time both disappeared over the wall. That the explorer was able to tell the invalid of the El Dorado over the steep mountains is very improbable, but the return to the starting-point is quite in line with other observations. It is likely enough that the scent of the slimy trail may assist in the way-finding, though it does not seem certain where the sense of smell has its seat in the common snail. But apart from evidence of "homing" and a few instances of profiting by experience (e. g., the effective behavior of water-snails dropped into an aquarium in which they had previously lived), there has hitherto been little basis for an answer to the question: "Can a snail learn?" But a satisfactory answer has now rewarded a series of exceedingly careful experiments made by Miss Elizabeth Lockwood Thompson (*Behavior Monographs*, Vol. III, No. 3, 1917, Cambridge, Mass.), and it is encouraging to learn that the answer is in the affirmative. Even a worm will turn; even a snail will learn. Who shall set limits to education?

Miss Thompson studied the learning process in a common water-snail, *Physa gyrina* by name which is wont to glide about in ponds, mouth and creeping sole upwards, suspended to the surface film. The method of the research was a distinctly ingenious modification of a well-known experiment associated with the name of the famous Russian physiologist, Ivan Petrovich Pavlov. A dog's mouth waters at the sight or smell of food,

and it is possible to measure the quantity and quality of the secretion. With the primary stimulus of food Pavlov associated some sound or color, and after a time the dog mastered or registered the association so thoroughly that the sound or color served of itself to evoke the mouth-watering. The shadow, so to speak, worked like the substance; somewhat in the same way as the sight of a menu-card may, within limits, serve as an appetizer. Miss Thompson observed that when the immediate neighborhood of the snail's mouth was touched with a little piece of food, such as lettuce, there followed a number—about four was common—of rapid mouth-movements, opening and closing in fact. These obviously correspond, in the logic of the experiment, to the mouth-watering of Pavlov's dog. The next step was to find a practicable secondary stimulus, and that used was pressure on the snail's foot or creeping sole with a clean glass rod. This does not normally evoke any mouth-movement, except in rare cases, which are readily explained. The next step was to apply simultaneously the two stimulations, the touch of food near the mouth and the pressure of the glass rod on the foot. To this for a time no answer at all was given. It was not till the snails had been tried sixty to one hundred and ten times that they began to answer, but after the Rubicon was crossed they answered back all the rest of the total of two hundred and fifty trials. It was noteworthy, however, that the number of mouth-movements in a single response did not reach so high an average as was exhibited when the food stimulus was used by itself. The snails that gave the normal answer back to the two stimuli applied simultaneously were regarded as "trained," and were ready for the next and crucial step in the

experiment. Forty-eight hours after the completion of their training the snails were tried with the foot-pressure stimulus by itself. The dux of the class gave the proper mouth-moving answer the first seven trials right away; two other answers were given ninety-six hours after the end of the training. Other members of the class behaved in a similar way, but beyond the limit of ninety-six hours no answer could be wrung out of any of them. There was a sudden and final declination to answer, which further experimentation showed to have no necessary connection with fatigue. In some of the many sets of experiments, the punctilious carefulness of which deserves high praise, there was an interesting waning in the number of mouth-movements in any one answer. Following a maximum number of mouth-movements in a response towards the middle of the series of trials, the number gradually diminished to the end of the series. This indicated that the snails were becoming adapted to a stimulus which was not being followed by any reward. But the general result stands out clearly, and considering the humble creatures involved, is of very considerable interest. Snails which gave no mouth response to pressure on the foot were so affected by the simultaneous application of pressure to the foot and food to the mouth that they then gave the mouth answer to pressure on the foot. The effect of training with the simultaneous stimuli persisted for ninety-six hours after the training stopped. The snail learned its lesson, but the registration of experience, memory in psychological language, was short-lived.

Those who have some acquaintance with fresh-water snails may be inclined to think that Miss Thompson's pupils were extraordinarily well behaved. For what captured specimens very generally do on the slightest provoca-

tion—even jarring the aquarium a little—is to expel the air from their breathing chamber, retract into their shell, and drop to the bottom, where they may sulk for an hour. Realizing that this nervousness would make experimenting impossible, Miss Thompson began by “taming” her captives. They were taken in the hand at intervals and moved about under water; they were held till they protruded from the shell; they were abundantly handled, till they became so accustomed to it that they could be touched by the observer, or moved from one dish to another, without retracting their body or expelling the air from their lung. This “taming” is a further evidence of adaptability.

Very interesting data as to the educability of animals have been obtained by using simple labyrinths in which the creatures are placed at repeated intervals to see whether they learn to get out more quickly in the course of experience. It has been found useful in many cases to reward, say with food, a rapidly successful solution of the labyrinth, and to punish, say with a slight electric shock, the taking of the wrong road. Most of these experiments have been made with animals of high degree like cats and mice; Miss Thompson has spent much time and ingenuity in inquiring whether the labyrinth experiment can be adjusted so as to apply to fresh-water snails. In one form of the experiment a Y-shaped cylindrical glass tube was anchored to the floor of the aquarium. One arm was made rough internally, and at its upper end the snail received an electric shock, of which the roughness was meant to be the “warning.” The smooth arm of the tube led to the surface of the water, where fresh air is obtained—sufficient reward in itself. The experiment consisted in pressing the air from the snail's lung and then placing it at



the base of the so-called labyrinth. It is of value to the snail to get its lung filled as soon as possible; this is attained by creeping up the smooth arm, it is missed by creeping up the rough one; and the failure is emphasized by a mild punishment, the slight electric shock. But the result of the pretty experiment was to show a complete incapacity to profit by experience to the extent of solving the problem. The percentage of error did not diminish as the series of trials lengthened; indeed, things sometimes got worse instead of better. In one interesting set of experiments a power of forming associations was displayed, but it was not, so to speak, followed up. Both arms were smooth, but the wrong road had as its warning notice-board an irritating hair which was made to touch the snail's horns and the back of its head. Immediately on the heels of the warning, if the snail persisted

The New Statesman.

on its wrong course, came the punishment of a shock. Now, in 15.6 per cent out of a total of nine hundred and thirty trials, the snails changed their course from the wrong to the right path after contact with the warning stimulus, but before the shock or punishment was received. This was undoubtedly profiting by experience, but the snails showed no ability to utilize this in the further step of solving the labyrinth. Selective ability is apparently lacking. The interest of Miss Thompson's admirably conducted investigation is partly in its ingenious methods, and partly in its demonstration of the educability of a very unpromising subject. Here we are on the threshold of a quality that especially marks brains not loaded with ready-made capacities of instructive behavior, the quality which Sir Ray Lankester has called educability, the quality of being able to learn.

J. Arthur Thomson.

## THE INDICATIVE STRAIN.

"This inconvenience just serves to show what people are made of," said a girl in a large provision store to the present writer. "I have every opportunity now to know the characters of the customers." She looked very good-tempered herself as she watched the moral straws blowing about the shop, and judged which way the wind blew in the hearts of her cross or civil customers. Outside in the cold the actual straws from the great packing-cases were whirling in the street-draughts quite irrespective of proverbs and theories. A low weathercock on a small house opposite was veering capriciously, as if in defiance of the town-dweller's wit and wisdom.

It was a well-dressed crowd who were jostling each other, and grumbling

about the butter and the margarine. Small boarding-houses and huge blocks of flats abound in the neighborhood, and the *clientèle* of the store consists mostly of anxious young women beginning life "in a small way," and wanting the best food for their children; bachelor women with much work on hand and always in a hurry; meek old maids who almost beg for their modest requirements; and more or less violent widows emboldened by the thought of insatiable boarders to demand butter and tea with something like threats. The girl behind the counter likes to disappoint these last; but they force their demands upon her by sheer strength of will. They differ in person considerably, but a sameness of manner brings them together into one type. Most of their

conversation consists of reproachful questions. They would like to know the reason of all the favoritism they observe, or think they observe, or have heard tell of. They would like to know what all that butter is doing in one corner there. When it is pointed out to them that the supposed butter is "dummy," they do not consider their question to have been satisfactorily answered. They would like to know why several people were served last night after there was said to be no margarine. They would like to know if any member of the firm is "in control" of the girls behind the counter. "Are you the final appeal?" asks one in an extremely haughty voice. "Am I what?" shouts her hearer, losing her temper for the first time, and pausing in her secondary job of cutting cheese into quarter-pound wedges. Then, as the meaning of the words dawns upon her, she turns to the next customer, dismissing the haughty lady with a short "Ask who you like for what you want." Pretty young mothers, who in less crowded moments bring their perambulators to the store, get the most attention, and perhaps the largest quantity of the things of which there is a shortage. The shop-girl approves of the *un*, and hopes some day to stand in their place. With the bachelor women, too, she is on good terms, recognizes the fact that they are in a hurry, and accepts a little mild chaff from them in good part. With the more old-fashioned type of old maids she has no sympathy. They take a sad view of the present privations, and sometimes a bitter one. The girl herself knows what it is to "make do" with much less than she is accustomed to, and she does it cheerfully, and why should not they? She does not realize what it is not only to be poor, but to look forward to greater poverty; she does not know that when we are young prospects form a per-

manent grant in aid of wages. Taking this grant into consideration, we may say that all wages go down automatically as we go on in life. The old maids know this and are depressed. The toric of a good snub does the grumblers no good. The lady presiding over the margarine will give them one if she gets the chance, and enjoys doing it, for this young judge, so safely railed off from her applicants for justice, acquits, and condemns at her pleasure, managing now and then even to reward and punish. She does not know that the straws she watches offer evidence of circumstance, not character. The boarding-house keeper cannot please herself. She is the mistress of her house and the servant of everyone in it. Her mixed arrogance and subservience are the result of pressure from without. The bachelor woman has no one to please but herself, and can afford her good temper. The mother of a young family feels the safety of her position. She is the person who matters, and she, especially if she has the advantage of more or less gentle nurture, can touch the heart of the world.

What a different thing life would be if we all started fair. We should at least have a chance of condemning one another justly! Is there any world anywhere where handicaps are unknown, where no cross-currents of circumstance can confuse the issue? On the whole, it is doubtful whether, human nature being what it is, anyone would want to be there. Hitherto the great effort of human society has been to render such a world impossible. It is difficult to think that any real wish for equality exists. We seem to prefer that the struggle should be enlivened by chances. Sometimes one wonders where the notion of a perfectly equal contest ever came from. We seem to owe it wholly to games; that is, we suppose, to some inspiration of child-

hood originally. Single combat in the days of chivalry and dueling while it lasted required that opponents should be equally equipped, but the wildest dreamers have never thought of introducing such a principle into war. Of all the silly and wise proposals that the present crisis has brought forth, not one has suggested equal numbers equally armed on a field offering equal facilities. Such nonsense is for the nursery, the school, or the betting world.

On the other hand, it is very easy to exaggerate the influence of circumstance on character, though its influence on expression and trivial action is limitless. No sooner do we get into a region where principle is concerned than we rise above the street eddies, and straws do show the direction of the wind. A gratuitous piece of cruelty—though it be a small one and only done to an animal—does show character. So does disrespect for another person's property. So does deceit. Now and then, of course, even in larger matters, we all act out of character. We all say to ourselves in genuine horror: "What possessed me!" The occurrence, however, is not very common, and it is inevitable that it should mislead even an experienced and just-minded onlooker. It is one of the strange, unaccountable facts of existence which defy art. No man of letters, we suppose, has ever lived who could depict convincingly his hero acting against his nature in any essential matter; yet every real man has so acted—not less than once, we imagine.

Handsome conduct in trifles, so far  
The Spectator.

as it is independent of circumstances, is chiefly dependent upon that supreme moral convenience, a good temper. It is one of the smallest of the virtues, but it is the one which, if an angel were to offer them a moral gift, nine men in ten would ask for. It is a beautiful quality, and, like so many beautiful things, apparently evanescent. Practically no one loses the great moral qualities between eighteen and eighty, if at eighteen they really were his; but a good temper may leave a man at any period in his career. Irascibility comes on not unseldom with years. How many of us who have reached middle life look back with a sigh to a better temper! Strenuous times try the equanimity even of the young, and we suspect that the facetiousness which is fast becoming a noticeable feature of British character is very often the outcome of temper-strain—an outcome possible only to a brave and self-controlled generation.

One other quality besides good temper preserves its owner from exhibiting the silly gusts of feeling by whose expression so many men and women are misjudged, and that is reserve. It is an inhuman peculiarity. Those who were born with it must have been intended for some other world where life is longer, and there is time for men and women to find each other out. Here, where our span is so short, it is surely better to open our hearts, even though there should now and then slip out of them something of which we are not proud, and which we should not like "to be known for," as the saying is.

## WARTIME FINANCE.

### \* THE NEW TAXES.

It may be taken for granted that—except in the unlikely event of peace being definitely secured within the

next three months—the Chancellor of the Exchequer will propose to the House of Commons in April next some very drastic measure of addi-

tional taxation. He will tell us that the outgoings from the Exchequer during another full year of war cannot be estimated at much less than three thousand millions sterling, which is perhaps equal to the whole of the nation's product or income. Possibly as much as one-third of this will be nominally recoverable from the Allied Governments, from those of the Dominions or from the consumers of commodities in which our own Government is trading on an unprecedentedly large scale. But although so large a proportion of our governmental expenditure may one day be recoverable, it has all to be provided within the year, and the date of repayment is, to say the least, uncertain. Towards this vast sum the revenue from taxation on the existing basis may perhaps yield nearly seven hundred millions, or less than one-fourth. How is the balance to be met in a manner at once economical to the nation and equitable to all classes? This is the question that those who shudder at the idea of the "Conscription of Wealth" have necessarily to answer.

We must note the magnitude of the problem. It is of no use discussing taxes on cats or advertisements, taxes on gramophones or new titles of nobility, taxes on imported luxuries or foreign manufactures. It is not a few hundred thousand pounds, or a few millions, that Mr. Bonar Law wants, but thousands of millions; and, moreover, we can spare no more men for tax-gathering. Nor is there much use in wasting time in arguing about the possibility of Premium Bonds or a Lottery Loan, which no sane observer can imagine to produce more than a few millions—or, if preferred, a few tens of millions—over what could be got without so dubious and discreditable an exploitation of the gambling spirit. It is true that every little helps, and every Finance Minister likes to

round off his main proposals by some minor adjuncts which serve to dissipate opposition. But the inexorable figures that confront him do not allow him to rest content with the *hors-d'œuvre*.

Once the war is over we shall, if we are wise, go in for such a development of our national system of communications and transport, such a reorganization of our coal supply and generation of electricity in a score of gigantic "super-power-stations," and such a nationalization of Insurance and Banking as will give us, simultaneously, greatly increased facilities for wealth production, and some considerable new sources of revenue, for the Exchequer.\* Meanwhile, however, the money has to be found elsewhere.

The most obvious expedient, now that every educated person knows how fatal it is simply to print off paper-money, is to borrow, at whatever rate of interest is found necessary. This is also, as it happens, the most expensive way of getting out of our difficulties. All that part of our past wars that we did on borrowed money we paid for at least twice over, once in the interest and again in the repayment of the loan. Our present costs are so gigantic that we cannot be anxious to double them. Moreover, it is ceasing to be quite easy to borrow such vast amounts as are now in question, and impossible to do so from other countries; and the fact that if we have to pay more than 5 per cent for any new loan we must pay the same increase on the greater part of our present debt involves a staggering waste of money. Mr. Bonar Law will anyhow have to borrow so extensively that he will certainly find it necessary to get as much as he possibly can by taxation.

Besides various increases of this

\*"How to Pay for the War," By the Fabian Research Department. Allen and Unwin, 6s. net.

tax and that, in order to rake in what additional trifles can thus be obtained, there will presumably be some considerable increase of the various Income Taxes, which now include the Super-tax, the Excess Profits Tax, and the Mineral Rights Duty. There are obstacles in the way, and on these we do not doubt that Mr. Bonar Law and the Inland Revenue officials are already engaged. We cannot now wait for the complete inquiry into Income Tax anomalies that has been promised. The position of married couples as contrasted with single individuals, and of families as contrasted with the childless must be at once considered. The difficulties of double taxation within the Empire must be met, and unless the Cabinet will decide on a State Insurance Department guaranteeing all existing life policies, those presented by the life assurance companies cannot be ignored. It will not be possible to get much more than at present out of the two million incomes under £700 a year. But the time is at hand when those whose incomes are measured by thousands and tens of thousands will have to be looked after, not from the standpoint of what percentage they will pay, but from that of whether what is left to them, after they have satisfied the tax-collector, is enough for the maintenance of their families and themselves at the level that in war-time is seemly. What the Chancellor of the Exchequer ought to ask for, by way of Income Tax in its various forms, so far as this can be levied on any common basis applicable all round, is the whole excess of each family's aggregate net income and earnings over and above what is absolutely required to maintain the members of that family in health and efficiency. This is what is meant by the hint that was dropped in the House of Commons of a

"Hundred Per Cent Income Tax."

But this will not suffice to meet the deficit. It is doubtful whether such an Income Tax, when all the necessary exemptions, abatements and allowances are made, and including the Excess Profits Tax, would produce an additional net revenue of more than a few hundred millions sterling. So much ought certainly to be got. It would leave no one, not even the most sorely burdened millionaire or the most heavily mortgaged landowner, with less than enough to live on! But it would leave the Chancellor of the Exchequer still a staggering sum to borrow, whilst few would have much to lend.

The nation, in fact, is incurring in these years, for the sake of its permanent security, a huge capital expenditure, which cannot, anyhow, be met out of the income of individuals, even if we were to conscribe the whole of those incomes in excess of bare subsistence. It has necessarily got to be taken from the "capital" of individuals, in the form of their "riches"; which does not, of course, involve reducing the "capital" of the community, on which its productivity depends, by a single acre, a single building, a single machine, or a single pound of material or stock. We may get it, in the exact form that the Government needs it, from individual "savings" of the current year; or from such part of those of previous years as has been left unembodied in new buildings, railways, machinery, etc. Or we may get it, in forms which the Government can utilize to meet its obligations, by a transfer of individually-owned securities, or by the creation of new interest-bearing mortgages. No one need be forced to sell anything on a glutted market. If he cannot meet the tax-collector's demand out of his current savings, together with the increased economies that he



must be called upon to make—reducing family expenditures from tens of thousands to thousands, and from thousands to hundreds—to which course he will be tempted by a substantial discount for cash, he will simply cede to the Government the prescribed proportion of his investments, or create a new mortgage on his land or his business. He will not be asked to pay what he has not got, or, indeed, more than the prescribed fraction of that which he owns. At the end of the year, whilst individual "saving" would certainly have been greatly stimulated, the Exchequer would be richer by the whole of the sum levied, partly in cash and partly in interest-bearing securities; and the individual property-owners would in the aggregate be the poorer by exactly that amount—which is the result of all taxation! The productive capital of the community would not be reduced, though the mortgage on it that we call property or riches would have been to a small extent shifted from the individual property-owners to the Exchequer.

Such a "Conscription of Wealth," in excess of the amount required for actual maintenance in health and efficiency, is, it is submitted, absolutely fair all round. Everyone who had an income, whether earned or unearned, above the absolutely exempted minimum would pay out of that net income the prescribed tax on income. Everyone who had any property in any form, above the absolutely exempted minimum, would pay out of that property the prescribed tax on capital wealth. The rates would in each case be graduated so as to make the psychological sacrifice roughly approximate to equality. And the anxiety of the property-owner may be to some extent alleviated by the reflection that all that is contemplated is a Capital Tax averaging, perhaps, 10

per cent on the assessable net total (after deducting all mortgages, secured debts, rent charges, etc.), and varying, probably from one per cent on the smaller estates up to 20 per cent or more on the largest. The man with £500 invested may be asked for £5. He who has £10,000 may get off with £500. The owner of a million need not grudge his contribution of a couple of hundred thousand pounds. It is, of course, not contemplated that the demand will be repeated. It is the last dead-lift to finish the war.

There are still people thinking themselves educated who believe that such a Capital Tax could not possibly be levied, because they cannot see how anyone can be made to yield up, in any one year, more than his whole income. But these people are becoming conscious of the dilemma in which they find themselves when they realize that Mr. Bonar Law is actually doing, as regards the nation as a whole, what they believe to be impossible. Whether he gets the money by loan or by tax does not affect this question. And when they recommend, in preference, a Compulsory Loan (which has actually been levied in New Zealand, to the amount of three years' Land and Income Taxes combined), they admit the possibility of a Capital Tax of equal amount. The proposal to make the levy a loan will be regarded by the mass of the people as the meanest of devices to escape one's share of the national loss. Do the property-owners really justify their becoming richer through the war? Do they really desire the mortgage under which the nation will groan during the ensuing generation to be increased for their personal advantage? If the representations that are now being made to Mr. Bonar Law, privately as well as publicly, on behalf of property-owners demanding payment of interest forever

in return for the sacrifice that they are called upon to make, are so pressed as to render the Capital Tax politically impossible, it will be the worst day's business that the property-owners will ever have done. The substitution of a Compulsory Loan will be popularly regarded as the most odious of all the bad forms of profiteering. It will never be forgiven by those who labor. It will inflame feelings that will not easily be calmed, and will lead, one day, to reprisals which ought never to have been provoked.

The New Statesman.

#### CHILE'S GOLD RESERVE.

At the outbreak of the war the Chilean Government owned a large amount of gold in Germany, which was destined to form a basis for its note issue, and was held up by the blockade. So were vast quantities of nitrates, bought from German producers in Chile for export to Germany, and their stoppage compelled the German nitrate producers in Chile to cease working. These producers,

The Economist.

too, were in debt to the Chilean Government. This Government, therefore, bought the nitrate, paying for it by drafts on Berlin, drawn against the gold which it could not reach. It then sold the nitrate in the United States to the Dupont Explosives Company, receiving payment in gold in New York. Thus it transferred its gold reserve from Germany to the United States, and, incidentally, added to the stock of raw material to be converted into explosives wherewith to defeat the German troops. This deal has naturally been interpreted in France as a preliminary step towards a breach with Germany, but it was carried out with the sanction of the German Government. Partly, no doubt, the latter desired to extricate its subjects in Chile, and an important Hamburg mercantile firm, from their serious pecuniary difficulties, but it must also have been moved by an extreme anxiety to keep on good terms with Chile, which contains a large German population, and is an important field for German trade.

### BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Family relations and responsibilities have been discussed by different essayists from widely different points of view, but it has been left to Mrs. R. Clipston Sturgis to present the case of the grandmother. This she does in "Random Reflections of a Grandmother" (Houghton Mifflin Co.), a little volume of ten essays, all centering in the one theme, yet with no deliberate sequence. Delightful essays they are, some of them conveying genuine and spontaneous sentiment, and others an equally genuine and delicate humor. If there are readers who, in the flush of youth or the activities of middle age, have

imagined that grandmothers have survived their usefulness, these essays should help them to a saner view.

"Under the Witches's Moon," by Nathan Gallizier, is a historical novel with Rome of the 10th century for a background. It tells how Tristan of Avalon went to Rome to do penance for daring to love the wife of his liege lord and how he fell into the clutches of Theodora, foremost courtesan of the city. The story is written in a highly dramatic, colorful manner and does full justice to the barbarity and luxuriousness of the period. It is the old theme which, however, is always

worth telling if it can be told beautifully and well, of the triumph of spirit over flesh, of evil resisted, and good triumphant. The author has a goodly number of admirers who will welcome the publication of another historical romance from his pen. The Page Co.

To those who enjoy a present-day story of adventure and romance "The Twice American," by Eleanor M. Ingram—published serially as "The House of the Little Shoes"—is to be cordially recommended. The hero, a ragged, barefooted New York gamin, lingering outside a brown-stone house to catch the warmth from the kitchen, receives his first inspiration to effort from a charming little child five years younger who pulls off her dainty shoes and bestows them on him. Shipping as a cabin-boy on a steamer bound for a South American port, he improves every chance, and twenty years later is a leader in his adopted country, where, as German influences begin to be felt, he turns the scale in favor of the United States, and is hailed with popular enthusiasm because of his loyalty to both Americas, as the Twice-American. Incident follows incident in rapid succession, but credulity is not too severely taxed, and characters are developed with more skill than is often found in fiction of this type. J. B. Lippincott Co.

In a season exceptionally rich in volumes of short stories, it is high praise to say that none has surpassed "Old Man Savarin Stories," by Edward William Thomson. Old Man Savarin himself is already known to a host of appreciative readers who will be glad to make acquaintance with a wider circle of his French Canadian neighbors. To have interpreted sympathetically temperaments so unlike as the French and Scotch is no small feat, but Mr. Thomson has

achieved it, and for moving examples of boyish heroism and endurance it would be hard to choose between Little Baptiste and Dour Davie. "Privilege of the Limits" is a delicious bit of comedy, dating back to the days of imprisonment for debt; Englishmen are the heroes of "A Waterloo Veteran" and "John Bedell. U. E. Loyalist"; there is a group of stories of the Civil War; "The Swartz Diamond" is a whimsical tale of the Boer War; and "Miss Minnelly's Management," which ends the volume, is an amusing satire on the methods of the successful household magazine. Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch may be well pleased to have a book of such rare quality dedicated to him. George H. Doran Co.

Readers who are inclined to accept unquestioningly all of the disclosures of modern spiritualism and psychic research will find much to interest them in Mr. J. Hewat McKenzie's volume on "Spirit Intercourse: Its Theory and Practice" (Mitchell Kennerley) including recent remarkable communications reported as coming from the other world, directions for the first steps in the science of spirit intercourse, reproductions of spirit photographs, and pictures showing or purporting to show the human soul, the departure of the soul from the body at death, and the relations of the several "spirit spheres" surrounding the earth, with the distances between them specifically indicated in maps, ranging from 300 miles for the first sphere to exactly 18,250 miles for the seventh sphere. They will be told also what is the clothing of spirits in each sphere and how it is evolved, and what is the character of soil, vegetation, animals and dwellings in each sphere. All of which lies so far outside of the usual realm of human knowledge that it is to be feared that the average reader will

regard it with hopeless incredulity. The late Professor William James is credited by the author—with permission, he avers—as the spirit source of much of this information.

Out of the West comes the voice of a woman singing the glory of the long fields of golden wheat which stretch across the breadth of Illinois. Edith Franklin Wyatt is an old-fashioned poet and asks her Pegasus to cut no capers of ragged verse and slangy vocabulary. Her attitude towards rhythm and rhyme is Mid-Victorian, her attitude towards life is modern. The poems are centered around the life of the Mississippi River and the very title is taken from its fallow fields, "The Wind in the Corn." A music, crinkling like the wind-blown grain, flows through her lines; but she feels the throb of the River life as well as of

Wheat and corn, and corn and wheat,  
Cotton-drift and cane,  
Serried lances rippling fleet,  
Dappled tides of grain.

D. Appleton and Co.

E. H. Lewinski-Corwin modestly entitles his work "A Political History of Poland"; but it is much more. Searching down to the beginnings the author confronts his reader with the last discovery of the diggers in old graves of primordial people; carries him along to the history of tribal clashes, showing the Poles as early accepting community life and agriculture; then moves up through the long years of the tragic tale, the first struggles, the basallack of homogeneity, the ceaseless petty feuds among the great nobles, the instability of the King, the century of greatness and power, the decline and fall. The author sees Poland rising from her grave, recrudescant after this present war, and feels that she and not Alsace-Lorraine is the crux of the situation.

He ends an interesting book with an eloquent plea for a re-established Fatherland. He has much to say of the genius and scholarship of the Poles. The illustrations are many and helpful. The Polish Book Importing Company, New York.

Mary King Waddington's "My War Diary" (Charles Scribner's Sons) is a chronicle of unique interest. The author, Madame Waddington, is an American, the daughter of President King of Columbia University, and the widow of M. William Waddington, who at various times served France as a deputy in the National Assembly, Minister of Public Instruction, Foreign Minister, Delegate to the Berlin Congress, Prime Minister of France, and Ambassador to Great Britain. Enjoying thus for forty years the highest social opportunities in France and England and the personal acquaintance of diplomats and statesmen in both countries, hers are no casual or superficial observations. But the poignant interest of her war diary lies first of all in the fact that she is the mother of an officer in the French army, "doing his bit" for France, and she shares the feelings and dreads of millions of other French mothers. Her diary opens with the events of that dreadful first day of August, 1914, when the youth of France were summoned abruptly to the ranks, and her son Francis went with the rest. It describes the mobilization, the first days of the war, and, in the following sections, her experiences and observations from October to December, 1914, from January to June, 1915, and from July to December, 1915, and closes with a brief account of days spent with the British expeditionary force at Hazebrouck, in October, 1916. There is at once a breadth of view and an intimacy of personal detail which give the book an unusual charm.

American readers who have craved an intimate and authoritative portrayal of social and political conditions in Russia which would help them to a clearer understanding of the existing chaos in that country will find all that they want, and more, in Moissaye J. Olgin's "The Soul of the Russian Revolution" (Henry Holt & Co.). The book is well described by its title, for it traces events to their causes, and goes back of demonstrations and uprisings to the abuses and tragedies which provoked them. The author, a Russian journalist who has been a close observer of Russian revolutionary movements for the last seventeen years, divides his narrative into four parts: the first reviewing the economic and social development of Russia prior to the Revolution of 1905 and 1906; the second describing the conflicts that culminated in the general strike of October, 1905, which forced the Tsar to grant the October constitution; the third delving in Russian literature for studies and interpretations of the peasant, the "intellectual," the bureaucrat, and the various revolutionary types; and the fourth dealing with the social and political events of the last ten years which led up to the revolution which drove Nicholas II from his throne to prison and to exile. Altogether, it is a thrilling narrative, alive with human interest from the first page to the last, and invaluable as an aid to the understanding of the Russia of today. There are twenty-six illustrations, seventeen of which are reproductions from revolutionary magazines which appeared immediately after the revolution of 1905, and were promptly suppressed by the censor.

In the past, Americans have often complained, and with some cause, of the disposition of Englishmen to misunderstand and misinterpret American men and American policies. But the

volume entitled "President Wilson from an English Point of View" (Frederick A. Stokes Co.) affords no ground for this complaint. The English "Who's Who" throws no light upon the career of H. Wilson Harris, the author, but the book itself makes it clear that he is a painstaking student of American history and affairs, and a man of just and accurate judgment. He disclaims any intention of writing a criticism, or an appreciation, or an interpretation; all that he has attempted, he affirms, is to state the plain facts of Mr Wilson's career since he first entered public life, and to indicate the nature of the political and social problems that are engaging him, in common with other thoughtful Americans, at the present time. Certainly, his book abundantly fulfils this modest program. He begins his study a little before the opening of the President's public career, with a statement of the perplexities which beset the last months of his administration as President of Princeton University, and which led to his resignation and his acceptance of the nomination to the Governorship of New Jersey. He describes briefly his campaign for that office, and the reforms which he brought about after his election; and reviews the circumstances of the Presidential campaign of 1912, the leading events of his first term in office, the complications of his second campaign, and the principles for which he has stood since his re-election. The author treats with singular fairness the matters regarding which the President has been most criticised—especially his treatment of the Mexican problem, and his hesitancy at the time of the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Altogether, the book is a singularly careful and well-considered appraisal of the President's career and purposes, which will be illuminating both to English and American readers.